The Outlook

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"Ten Weeks Behind the Front in Germany" is the general title of a series of articles which will soon appear in The Outlook. The author, Mrs. H. H. Gallison, is of German birth, and lived many years in Germany before coming to this country. The articles describe her experiences and observations during a long visit to Germany in war time, written after her return to America. They give a sympathetic interpretation of the spirit of the German people and conditions in Germany by one who understands Germans and sympathizes with them, but who does not enter into argument over controversial subjects. They are intensely human and graphic, and are particularly illuminating as to the food question and as to German civil and domestic life under war conditions.—THE EDITORS.

THE WEEK

THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE DEPORTATION OF THE BELGIANS

If it is true, as reported, that our Government has, through its diplomatic representatives in Berlin, entered even an unofficial protest against the deportation of Belgians from their own country by Germany, it is a welcome sign that at last the Administration has seen the righteousness of protest by the greatest of neutral nations against outrages perpetrated on small and helpless nations. If, as some think, this is a forerunner of a new policy on President Wilson's part, it is to be cordially approved, provided that the words of protest are backed by evidence of an intention to enforce the protest if necessary. Later than the first report Secretary Lansing made public this statement:

The United States has not made an official protest to Germany, but has suggested to her what a bad effect on neutral opinion, particularly in the United States, such action might have. The instructions to Chargé Grew to discuss the matter with Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg were sent at the suggestion of the Belgian Government. The American action was not meant in any sense to be a criticism of the German Government's policy. We do not know the full facts in the situation, and cannot form a judgment until we have heard them.

Even if the communication of the American Government is not called a "protest," it has the effect of a protest just the same. Had a protest, backed by such evidence of intention, been made by our Government when Belgium's neutrality was threatened at the outbreak of war, Americans might now have less to regret in the feeble conduct of their Government. The former crime against Belgium was not only a violation of international law but a distinct violation of a pledge which concerned this country; and the reason for protest by the United States was then even more obvious than it is now.

It has been reported that our representations to the German Government point out that the deportation of the Belgians is in defiance of humanity and international law and is producing an injurious effect on neutral opinion, and that the representations include a statement that, as the Belgian civilian population is largely being cared for by American assistance, the American people are especially concerned in this matter.

Washington despatches assert that our Government is in possession of knowledge that the non-combatant Belgians deported to Germany are forced to dig trenches and do other military work, and that King Albert's Government is appealing to the neutral world with the declaration that its citizens are being led into slavery. It is perfectly evident that to select able-bodied laborers in large numbers, to take them into Germany by force, and there to employ them in almost any kind of industrial labor would have the effect of releasing an equal number of German men for the fighting lines.

The Outlook has already reported with

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strongest condemnation the action of Germany in deporting French women, girls, and young men from the neighborhood of Lille to other French territory held by the Germans, there to work under German direction. Now comes the pernicious action of Germany as regards Belgian workers. Having taken from Belgium money and supplies of many kinds and having left the Belgian people, for whom it is responsible, to be fed by Americans and other neutrals, Germany now proceeds to take from Belgium thousands of men and to make of them German serfs. One's indignation is doubly kindled at the hypocritical pretense by which this despicable action is defended by Germany. The German Governor-General of Belgium says: "At bottom it is a blessing. Nothing so demoralizes a man as long idleness." The Belgians are perfectly willing to work, but it is not surprising that they are not always willing to work under German direction and control. Cardinal Mercier, that noble representative of religion and humanity in Belgium, thus describes the scenes which have followed the beginning of deportation:

Suddenly parties of soldiers begin to enter by force these peaceful homes, tearing youth from parent, husband from wife, father from children. They bar with the bayonet the door through which wives and mothers wish to pass to say farewell to those departing.

They herd their captives in groups of tens and twenties and push them into cars. As soon as the train is filled the officer in charge brusquely waves the signal for departure. Thus thousands of Belgians are being reduced to slavery.

The deportation has been going on quietly for about a month, and reports state that within a single week in one limited section from eight hundred to twelve hundred men were being "rounded up" daily, and, as one writer says, "carried off pell-mell to unknown destinations like slave gangs." Comment upon the inhumanity and heartlessness of such conduct and upon the callousness of the Germans, who have now committed almost every conceivable outrage upon Belgian citizens and Belgian liberty, can only feebly characterize the wrong. The facts speak more eloquently than any words.

THE BATTLES OF THE WEEK

The greatest military event of the week ending November 15 was the new drive of the British forces in the Somme sector. This seems to have been a real surprise to the German generals. Heretofore the British advance towards Bapaume has been chiefly from the southwest. Now the British have attacked directly from the west along the little river known as the Ancre. The most important result up to date, in our judgment, is found in General Haig's bulletin of November 14, saying that five thousand prisoners had already passed through the collecting stations and more were coming in. Germany cannot lose five thousand prisoners at a time indefinitely without serious weakening. That she has already weakened the Somme line is quite evident, as the reports speak of the poor quality of her troops left to guard the points attacked last week. The British forces have taken the strongly fortified village of Beaucourt and two or three other villages only less important. They are now coming pretty close to the point where the direct attack upon Bapaume must begin. Berlin frankly admits its losses in the engagements on both sides of the river Ancre.

On the other hand, the news from the Balkans has been during our week in the main favorable to the Germans. Heavy engagements have been reported along the Transylvanian border of Rumania. General von Falkenhayn's progress seems to be considerable and to threaten a southward driving of the Rumanians which may ultimately endanger the capital of Rumania, Bucharest, and also, perhaps, make possible a union between General von Falkenhayn and General von Mackensen. Just how matters stand in the Dobrudja is not altogether clear. Apparently the bridge at Cernavoda was only partly destroyed by the Rumanians when they crossed the Danube in retreat, and there seems to be reason to believe that the Germans crossed the break by a pontoon bridge and have forces on the western side of the Danube. The reason for believing this is the report of engagements as having taken place to the west of the river.

It is also reported that Mackensen's forces in the Dobrudja have been attacked and driven back from the northward, but they are certainly still in possession of a line north of the railway which runs from Constanza (which town, by the way, has been bombarded by Russian ships) to the Cernavoda bridge. If the news of Mackensen's retreat because of attacks from the north is true, it must mean that Russia is now coming rapidly to the defense of Rumania and that

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either she has put forces across the Danube at the north of the Dobrudja peninsula or else that larger forces than have been supposed were present in the peninsula itself at the time of Mackensen's drive northward.

There has been no very important action on the Russian front in Galicia and Volhynia. In Macedonia the Servians have fought sharp and successful engagements and are now seriously threatening Monastir. It is said that the Bulgars were in one day driven back seven miles by combined Servian and French forces.

THE BRITISH REPLY TO OUR "BLACKLIST" PROTEST

A note from Viscount Grey in reply to the American protest against what is commonly called here the "blacklist" order of Great Britain was made public last week. It is an able, clear, and forceful exposition of the British position. It courteously declines to remove the restriction which affects certain American business firms. Great Britain has contended from the beginning that this order takes no action against such firms, and that they are injured only indirectly and as a consequence (for which Great Britain is not responsible) of a perfectly proper restriction placed by Great Britain on its own subjects. This view is expressed so strongly by Viscount Grey that press reports from Washington declare:

> It can be stated authoritatively that as a result of this legal defense the United States will abandon its original contention that the blacklist is a violation of international law. A new protest will be made, but it will be based on the argument that the blacklist methods constitute a serious breach of international comity.

Of course it is possible for a perfectly legal order to be enforced in such a way as to be oppressive to neutrals. It is also true that, even though Great Britain is acting within her legal rights, she might, as we have heretofore pointed out, make concessions as a matter of friendship with this country. If such concessions are asked, however, it is well to remember that it would not be fair for our Government to make urgent requests for such concessions through comity if it is not prepared to do the same thing in future under similar circumstances.

Viscount Grey, apart from the technical defense adduced, writes eloquently on the actual need for the restriction of the activities of those German business firms in neutral countries which, as he declares, have acted as really part of the German military organization. He rejects the theory that this restriction is not justified by military necessity, and says very frankly and openly that the Allies still have a long and bitter struggle before them, and that this, "in justice to the principles for which they are fighting, imposes upon them the duty of employing every opportunity and every measure which they can legitimately use to overcome their opponents."

He adds that inconvenience caused to neutral nations in this way is not "to be compared for an instant to the suffering and loss occasioned to mankind by the prolongation of the war even for a week."

As an instance of the kind of thing aimed at in the so-called "blacklist" order, Viscount Grey declares that German business houses in neutral countries have not only aided in espionage, but have even acted as bases of supply for German cruisers and as paymasters of miscreants employed to destroy munition factories.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR DEFENDS THE FATHERLAND

On November 9 Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg, the German Chancellor, made an important address to members of the German Reichstag. It was a rejoinder to the recent speech of Viscount Grey, the British Foreign Secretary. Lord Grey had said that the origin of the war must influence peace conditions, and that, if it could be proved that the war had been forced on Germany, then Germany would be entitled to ask for guarantees against future attacks.

Herr von Bethmann Hollweg began by asserting that in 1915 England and France promised to Russia domination of the Bosphorus, Constantinople, and the west shore of the Dardanelles, Asia Minor to be divided among the Entente Powers, and that to these plans was added the disposal of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Though silence had been maintained with respect to the plans, the Chancellor affirmed that the history of international relations was now clear. He thus particularized:

> What made France join with Russia? Alsace-Lorraine.
> What did Russia want? Constantinople.
> Why did England join them? Because Germany had become too strong for her.

So much as prelude. The Chancellor admitted that on July 30 a Berlin newspaper

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issued a special edition with the report that the German Emperor had ordered mobilization, but said that the sale of this special edition was prohibited immediately by the police, that the Foreign Secretary informed the Russian Ambassador at once by telephone that the news was false, that the Russian Ambassador sent a warning to his capital as soon as the special edition was issued, but immediately followed this by a contradiction; and that the following day, when Russian mobilization had been ordered, the Czar telegraphed to the Emperor that it was impossible to stop military preparations, "made necessary by Austro-Hungarian mobilization." There was no word about German mobilization, said the Chancellor, and added that a partial Austro-Hungarian mobilization could have been no excuse for a general Russian movement, that only after this occurred did Austria-Hungary order a general mobilization, that after the news of the general Russian mobilization Germany did not mobilize at once, but at first only proclaimed a state of threatened danger of war; that this was communicated to the Russian Government, and only then was it added that mobilization must follow if Russia did not stop all war measures against Germany and Austria-Hungary within twelve hours, and that Russia gave no answer. Thus, in German opinion, the Russian mobilization was an aggressive and not a defensive measure.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S IDEAS ABOUT PEACE

Whatever one may think of this, it is uninteresting compared with the Chancellor's reply to that part of Lord Grey's speech concerning an international league to preserve peace. The Chancellor affirmed in words which must have had his Emperor's approval:

We never concealed our doubts as to whether peace could be permanently guaranteed by international organizations, such as arbitration courts. I shall not discuss the theoretical aspects of the problem in this place. But from the standpoint of matters of fact we now, and in peace, must define our position with regard to this question.

If at and after the end of the war the world will only become fully conscious of the horrifying destruction of life and property, then through the whole of humanity there will ring out a cry for peaceful arrangements and understandings which, as far as they are within human power, will prevent the return of such a monstrous catastrophe. . . .

Germany will honestly co-operate in the examination of every endeavor to find a practical solution, and will collaborate for its possible realization. This all the more if the war, as we expect and trust, shall create political conditions that do full justice to the free development of all nations, of small as well as great nations. Then the principle of justice and free development, not only on the continent, but also on the seas, must be made valid. This, to be sure, Lord Grey did not mention.

The Chancellor then pointed out that Lord Grey's ideas regarding international guarantees of peace seemed to possess a peculiar character, in that they took into consideration only British wants, and that neutrals who during the war had to accept in silence British domination of the seas were to form a union after the war, when England hoped she would have conquered Germany, in order to guarantee that the British plans should prevail under the new conditions. Referring to the British plans of 1915 the Chancellor declared:

Such a policy of brute force cannot be the basis of an efficient international league of peace. . . . The first condition for the evaluation of international relations by way of arbitration and peaceful compromise of conflicting interests ought to be that no more aggressive coalitions be formed.

Germany is at all times ready to join the league of nations—yes, even to place herself at the head of such a league—to keep in check the disturbers of peace.

This speech of the Chancellor's does not sound like the Germany which marched triumphantly over prostrate Belgium, which declared that necessity knew no law, which promised to occupy Paris and crush France. Concerning this we comment in an editorial on another page.

THE BACKWASH OF THE ELECTION

The Presidential returns indicated, as The Outlook pointed out in last week's issue, that the proposition to vote any class or group of American citizens as a block will always be destined to failure. The more complete returns which have come in since last week supply only added evidence to the indications already received that the "women's vote," the "hyphen vote," and the "labor vote" which figured so largely in the election prophecies were in great measure figments of the imagination.

The conclusions which we drew from the early election returns we see no reason to

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change. The fact that South Dakota, which last week was reported as probably voting in favor of woman suffrage, is now definitely settled into the other column by about 5,000 votes does not affect the suffrage issue one way or the other.

To turn from the suffrage to the question of hyphenism, the results in Hoboken, New Jersey, and in St. Louis, Missouri, are interesting. In Hoboken, a city largely populated by Americans of German ancestry or birth, there is every evidence that the voters cast their ballots, not as they were directed by their self-appointed leaders, but as they individually pleased. Hoboken previous to election was flooded with circulars from the German Independence League of New Jersey, calling upon the voters to vote for Hughes, Wittpen, and Martine. There were nearly ten thousand votes cast in the city, of which Wilson received over 5,000, Hughes over 4,000, Martine about 4,700, and Wittpen some fifty less. The Second Ward of Hoboken, always strongly Republican, went for Hughes by even less than its normal Republican majority.

A similar story comes from St. Louis. Republican leaders had predicted that "Wilson would be slaughtered" in the seven Republican wards in South St. Louis, which are populated largely by Americans of German extraction. Even the Democratic leaders feared that Wilson would run five thousand behind the State ticket in these districts. Returns, however, show that President Wilson made material gains over the vote cast for the Democratic candidate at the last municipal election. Indeed, he ran only some three hundred votes in a total of eighteen thousand behind the Democratic candidate for Governor.

WHAT PARTY WILL CONTROL CONGRESS?

As The Outlook has already reported, the Democratic majority in the United States Senate remains at twelve, but it may be increased should the contest against Representative Howard E. Sutherland, Republican, who, on the face of the returns, has been elected Senator from West Virginia, result in favor of the present incumbent, Senator Chilton.

As to the House, as The Outlook has also reported, the outcome, as indicated, is a tie between the Republicans and the Democrats. Evidently the balance of power is held by five minor party members. They are an Independent from Massachusetts, a Prohibitionist from California, a Socialist from New York, a Progressive from Minnesota, and a Progressive Protectionist from Louisiana. Perhaps no minor groups ever had more power. It will be interesting to know what bids the Republicans and the Democrats will make to win their votes and thus elect a Speaker. To find a similar case we have to go back to 1855. Since then there has never been a Congress in which one party did not have enough votes to organize the House.

The Democrats have some hope of increasing their number, however, from the canvass of the vote of the Third District of New Jersey (Middlesex, Monmouth, and Ocean Counties). The two Democratic members of the County Board of Elections, which acted as a Board of Canvassers, went on record as refusing to count the votes cast in two sections because the election boards had made the return of the votes in figures instead of spelling the numbers out, as the law requires. But the two Republican members insist that the votes should not be thrown out. The disfranchisement of the voters represented would defeat Robert Carson, the Republican candidate, who, on the face of the returns, had received a plurality over Thomas J. Scully, Democrat, the present Representative in Congress.

THE FIRST WOMAN ELECTED TO CONGRESS

On another page appears the portrait of Miss Jeannette Rankin, Republican, the first woman to be elected to Congress. Her victory is the more striking as Montana went Democratic on the Presidential issue.

Miss Rankin is reported to be about thirty-four years of age, slender, and with light-brown hair; of personal attractiveness and with unusual intellect. She is the daughter of one of the Montana pioneers. "She is this sort of girl," reports one of her friends:

> Her father was trying to rent one of his houses in Missoula, Montana, and there wasn't any sidewalk in front of it. A prospective tenant was found, but the tenant said he wouldn't take the house unless it had a sidewalk. Jeannette called up some carpenters and found them too busy to lay the sidewalk. And so she bought the lumber, borrowed a hammer and saw, and laid the sidewalk herself.

Miss Rankin is a graduate of the University of Montana and of the School of Phi-

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lanthropy. She has been an ardent worker for woman suffrage, going to the farms and into the mines to argue the question. She is credited with having been more than any other woman the means of obtaining the suffrage in Montana. She wanted to carry the fight into the National Legislature, and made a hard fight against several men aspirants for the nomination as Republican candidate-at-large for Congress. It is reported that she did much of her campaigning on horseback. After her election she said, as reported:

I knew the women would stand by me. The women worked splendidly, and I am sure they feel that the results have been worth the work. I am deeply conscious of the responsibility, and it is wonderful to have the opportunity to be the first woman to sit in Congress. I will not only represent the women of Montana, but also the women of the country, and I have plenty of work cut out for me.

Of course I know I'll be the first woman Member of Congress, but I believe I'll be received with courtesy and as an equal by those Eastern Congressmen, even though they are enemies of suffrage. While working for suffrage in the East I found that, no matter how strenuously our opponents fought us, they were always ready to hear our side.

THE HIGH COST OF FOODSTUFFS

President Wilson, in an address at Washington before the Convention of the National Grange, offered one easy but not very convincing solution of the problem of the high cost of living. He said:

We ought to raise such big crops that circumstances like the present can never recur, when men can make it appear as if the supply was so short that the middleman could charge for it what he pleased. It will not do to be niggardly with the rest of the world in respect to its food supply.

Farmers who have experienced the sorrows which come from glutted markets, consumers who have seen foodstuffs left to rot on the farms because it did not pay to ship them to the city, while they themselves found no appreciable decrease in the cost of these same food products, will both be slow to accept the President's suggestion as even a partial solution of their pressing problems.

Increased food production does not necessarily mean cheaper food for the consumer unless the methods of distribution are so organized as to bring the surplus of food products cheaply to the consumers. On the other hand, under present conditions, increased production not infrequently reacts unfavorably upon both farmer and consumer, and most favorably upon the middleman. A surplus of food products is often a weapon in the middleman's hands, not a protection against his extortions. It enables him, since he largely controls the channels of distribution, to buy at the price he pleases from the farmer and to sell at the price he pleases to the consumer.

If the pipe which leads from a reservoir is too small and too tortuous, it does not help matters much to increase the size of the reservoir itself.

WHAT THE CONSUMER IS PAYING

To the average consumer who is paying the present prices for food philosophical discussions as to why his daily bread is costing him so much have very little real interest. The prosperity of the country to the consumer is expressed not in terms of gross tonnage of shipments from our shores, or in the totals of freight cars in movement across our transcontinental lines, or in bank clearances, or the growth of munition cities. The only prosperity which means anything to the average consumer is the margin between the price of living and the amount in his pay envelope. For those who are living on a fixed wage basis the following figures spell not prosperity but hardship:

Within the last month the best grades of flour have been selling at from $11 to $11.50 a barrel. Flour is higher to-day than at any time since the Civil War, when, at the close of that conflict, it brought $15 a barrel.

A month ago potatoes were selling in the New York market at $1 a bushel. To-day the price for the best grades is $2 and up.

A year ago granulated sugar sold for 5.85 cents a pound; to-day it is 7½ cents a pound. Not long ago sugar sold at retail for three cents a pound. According to a market report in the New York "Times," from which most of these figures are taken, cabbages which used to cost from four to five cents a head, now cost from ten to thirty cents. The "Times" says that turnips and carrots, which a year ago were selling in Washington Market, New York City, for fifteen cents a half-peck, are now bringing twenty-five cents We know of one case where eight cents was charged for a single turnip.

Cheese is one hundred per cent higher than it was a year ago. Even common

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

PAULINE REVERE

A TRIBUTE TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE WEST, WHERE WOMEN VOTE, IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

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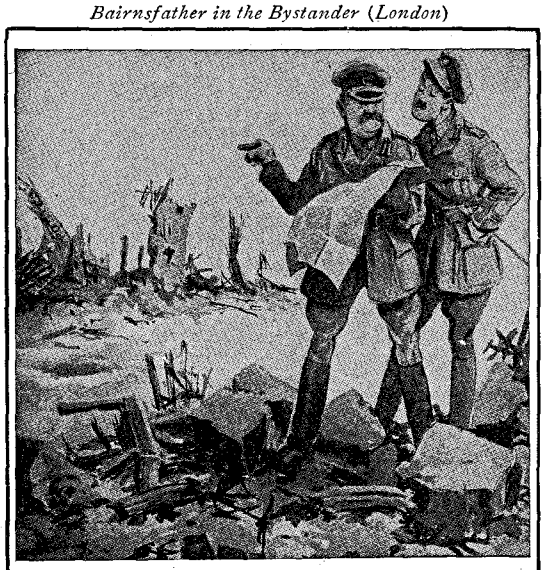
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Lewin in the Passing Show (London)

Fussy Old Party—"I see you've lost an arm." Wounded Tommy—"Blimey! So I 'ave!"

THOSE UNNECESSARY OBSERVATIONS

Bairnsfather in the Bystander (London)



MODERN TOPOGRAPHY

"Well, you see, here's the Church and there's the Post Office."

THE WAR'S EFFECTS—SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Hahn in De Notenkraker (Amsterdam)

BEFORE THE SPEECH OF THE CHANCELLOR

The Kaiser—"And, Bethmann, don't say anything this time about either the 'fist' or the war map."

THE CHANCELLOR'S TALK ABOUT PEACE

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cheese is now fourteen cents a pound. Not long ago it could be bought at six or eight cents. Although it was a good apple year in the East, apples also show the upward trend. The advance is from $1.25 to $1.50 per barrel over similar grades a year ago. Even the Ben Davis apples have gone up!

This list of prices might be continued almost without end. Every reader of The Outlook can doubtless supply additional articles the price of which has mounted skyward in the last few months. As the winter advances the problem of providing the necessities of life in the great majority of our homes will become increasingly serious.

These facts give special pertinence to the fourth National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credits, which is to be held on December 4 in Chicago. We hope to discuss the purpose and results of this Conference in later issues.

KEEP COOL AND GET COAL

"Keep cool and you will get coal" is the terse statement of a coal distributer to The Outlook, as his comment on the situation in the coal market, which is marked by famine prices.

It is difficult to get at the true explanation for the present abnormally high price of coal. A canvass by The Outlook of coal owners, coal transporters—that is, the railways—and coal distributers and dealers results in the production of a great deal of conflicting evidence. Some distributers blame the operators of the mines, some mine operators blame the railways, and some railway men blame the local dealers. Some experts say that there is no real coal shortage, and that the tense situation has been brought about by the panic psychology of the public. Other authorities admit that there is a real coal shortage, but they add that unnecessary excitement on the part of the public has aggravated the situation.

The truth is that, although the production of coal has been greater in 1916 than in 1915, there is a real shortage. One reason for this shortage is an unusually large consumption of coal this year. The shortage of bituminous coal, which was felt before the shortage of anthracite coal, was caused very largely by the excessive demand for soft coal owing to the high tide of manufacturing prosperity which the war abroad has brought to the United States. Another cause has been insufficiency of labor to meet the abnormal demand. The supply of labor for producing coal has been cut down by ten to twenty per cent, owing to the egress of workingmen from the coal mines into munition factories, where wages are higher and working conditions are more attractive. Still a third cause has been a shortage of cars for moving coal. Although few railway men will admit it, it seems to be a fact that more coal cars have been used for other than their natural purposes this year than ever before. Moreover, the unusual activity of factories has led to the sequestration of many coal cars, which have been sent to industrial communities faster than they can be unloaded and returned to the mines. A contributory cause may have been the celebration of holidays by the coal-miners, who have observed some *fiesta* occasions not observed by the general public, such as Mitchell Day—a day to commemorate the services of the labor leader John Mitchell in the interests of American coal-miners.

The situation in the soft-coal market has been and is much more serious than with the hard coal. Soft coal is now selling at $5 or $6 a ton, whereas a year ago it was less than $1.50 a ton. On the other hand, anthracite has not yet sold for more than twice its normal price, $7.75 a ton; in fact, there are few cases where anthracite has brought more than $12 a ton.

THE OVER-ANXIOUS PUBLIC

The shortage of anthracite, however, is what interests the average householder. It is here particularly that the tendency of the public to yield to its fears has had its most noticeable effect. About eighty per cent of the hard coal used in the United States is supplied by the big companies allied with the railways, and most of this coal has been sold at the regular rate. But, on account of an unusual demand here and there, some dealers have had to place orders with individual coal producers and speculators, who get premium rates for their product. Even such prices as $11 and $12 a ton wholesale have been recorded. As the public has heard of this state of affairs it has been inclined to get alarmed and to rush to buy coal lest the price should ascend further. Thus high prices have been begotten by the public's fear of high prices.

As usual, the poor, who buy coal in small quantities, have been the greatest sufferers. In one part of New York City a hundred-pound bag of coal costs sixty cents—which

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is at the rate of $12 a ton. In another part of the metropolis a bushel of coal—that is, eighty pounds—is worth forty-five cents, a price at the rate of nearly $11 a ton. To the people who have to buy on this scale a warm winter will be a godsend, a cold winter a calamity.

The best advice to the public now seems to be to buy as little coal as possible for the time being. The labor situation is said to be improving, and after the Great Lakes freeze up, which should be some time in December, conditions in the East particularly will be improved, for part of the stream of coal now pouring into the West will be diverted to the Eastern States.

"Keep cool and you will get coal" is a good motto for the present, paradoxical as it may sound.

MORE GLORY FOR VILLA

With the activities of Villa and other Mexican bandits getting more space in the newspapers every day, a plan for the withdrawal of General Pershing's expedition in the near future is unofficially reported from Atlantic City. The newspaper despatch from the scene of the conferences between the Mexican and the American commissioners had it that an agreement had been reached between the two commissions and that the American forces would be removed from Mexico within a fixed time after the signing of the agreement, provided that within that time Carranza had demonstrated his ability to suppress brigandage.

The belated confirmation of the capture and subsequent evacuation by Villa of Parral, Jimenez, and Santa Rosalia indicates how weak has become Carranza's hold on the State of Chihuahua. Parral is only about one hundred and ninety miles from where General Pershing's advanced base is supposed to be, and Santa Rosalia is less than one hundred and sixty miles away from that point. When the Carranza force sent to get Villa had come near to him, and a battle seemed imminent, both Villistas and Carranzistas retreated in opposite directions, a maneuver which would seem too ridiculous to have any verisimilitude if performed in *opéra bouffe*. Carranza has now appointed General Francisco Murguia to replace General Jacinto Trevino as Commander-in-Chief of the Northeastern Division, which includes Chihuahua. Of all the parties "co-operating" in the grand hunt for Villa, the only person to win glory thus far has been Villa.

The activities of bandits and of the adherents of Felix Diaz seem to be increasing in the States of Oaxaca and Chiapas in southern Mexico. In general, the reasons for removing our forces from the border seem to be growing no stronger. Private letters from members of the National Guard on the border indicate that the guardsmen see no immediate hope of getting home. One of them writes to us that their patronage has been so valuable to the merchants of the small border towns that the inhabitants of these places are all praying that the citizen soldiers will be sentenced to the border for life. This correspondent alleges that some of these interested parties have declared that if desperate measures must be used to keep the militia along the Rio Grande "a perfectly good border raid can be organized for a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

We take this letter with the necessary amount of salt.

ROBERT G. VALENTINE

During the seven years of the Roosevelt Administration many young men, unattracted by the ordinary rewards of politics, enlisted in the public service. Actuated by patriotism, as soldiers who volunteer in the cause of freedom, they ranged themselves behind a leader in whom they had confidence. Among these was a young graduate of Harvard, not yet ten years out of college. He had taught English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, had been connected with the National City Bank of New York, the Union Pacific Railway, and the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company. He had not yet "found himself." Versatile, cultivated, with the instincts of the most aristocratic and the genial companionable manners of the most democratic, blessed with a pervasive sense of humor, capable of hard work but not yet tested to his capacity by any of his tasks so far, he made up his mind that he wanted to enter the public service, and took what the occasion then offered. He became private secretary of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Francis E. Leupp. His efficiency raised him to the Supervisorship of Indian Schools, and then to the Assistant Commissionership. Then, upon the retirement of Mr. Leupp, he became Commissioner, and served throughout most of the Taft Administration.

That was a period that tried the souls of

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these volunteers in the public service. The impulse of the former leadership was gone; the departments in Washington became deadened. Some of the ablest of these volunteers were dropped or dismissed. The new President was not interested in these young men who were renovating the entire Executive branch of the Government, and he did nothing to sustain and many things to weaken their *esprit de corps*. Then came the Ballinger case, and the Department of the Interior, of which Mr. Ballinger was the head, and of which the Indian Office is a bureau, was impaired and in some respects demoralized.

During all this time Robert Grosvenor Valentine, the volunteer who had started at the bottom and had become Indian Commissioner, kept at his task. He not only carried out the policies of Mr. Leupp, but made original contributions to the development of the office of Indian Affairs. Unsparing of all those who would exploit the Indian, he was most of all interested in the constructive aspects of his work. His ambition was to develop the Indians so that they should cease to be a separate people and become Americans, and thus ultimately to destroy his own office.

When the Progressive party rose out of the insurgency against the oppressive conditions that had been prevailing in the Government, Mr. Valentine resigned his office to lend his aid to the new movement.

His most original work was done after that. He became the originator of a new profession. He recognized the futility of the prevailing methods of settling industrial disputes. He became convinced that such controversies between employers and employees have their basis in ignorance of the facts. So he set to work to make of himself an industrial counselor. Industrial efficiency, scientific management, and conciliation were only certain phases of the object of Mr. Valentine's new calling. He was convinced that every large concern needed to have expert scrutiny of the relations between its employees and their employers even when there was no sign of disturbance. His earlier experiences with railway and banking problems and his executive training in the public service stood him in good stead.

At the time of his sudden death, on November 14, he was engaged, among other problems, with the questions arising in the cloak and suit makers' industry in New York. He had served as chairman of the first Massachusetts Minimum Wage Board and as one of a committee working with the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations.

Such a man should be counted among the real makers of America. If this Nation proves that in the end self-government can be both efficient and free and can withstand both external attack and internal demoralization, it will be because of the continued patriotic service of such men as Robert Grosvenor Valentine.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

Succeeding to the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General of Canada, the Duke of Devonshire recently arrived to take up the duties of that office. He was immediately sworn in at Halifax, his port of arrival, without waiting to proceed to Ottawa, the Dominion capital. The oath was administered by Sir Louis Davies, one of the Judges of the Canadian Supreme Court, in the Legislative Council Chamber, before a great assemblage of Government, military, and naval officers and invited guests. The streets through which the ducal party passed were lined with troops, and thousands of persons turned out to cheer the new Governor-General. The Duke and Duchess, with their two daughters, then went to Ottawa, where they also received a hearty welcome.

Victor Christian William Cavendish, ninth Duke of Devonshire, is not yet as well known as was his uncle, the eighth Duke, who, as Lord Hartington, and afterwards as Duke, was repeatedly a member of British Liberal Ministries, and was a strong and rugged figure in English political and social life. In 1908, on his uncle's death, the present Duke succeeded to the title. He is forty-eight years old. The Dukes of Devonshire are great landowners, controlling about one hundred and eighty-six thousand acres of forest, farming, and mining lands in Derbyshire and Lancashire. American visitors to England will recall Chatsworth House, with its great library, gallery, and park, the residence of the Dukes of Devonshire, as one of the most magnificent country seats in the United Kingdom.

The present Duke has been Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, President of the Territorial Forces, Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and Chancellor of Leeds University. He is married to a daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne. It is interesting to

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note that the Duchess, formerly Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, returns to her girlhood home, for her father was Governor-General of Canada from 1883 to 1888. He went from Canada to the Viceroyship of India, becoming successively Secretary for War and Foreign Secretary, and is now Minister without a portfolio in the Coalition Cabinet.

The changes and chances of Canadian political life (as illustrated by the recent resignation of Sir Sam Hughes as Minister of Militia), more evident than ever since the war began, make it desirable that there shall be no interregnum between the departure of one Governor-General and the arrival of another, and all Canadians, we believe, will feel more confidence in the orderly political procedure of their Government now that an executive is again at the head of affairs.

THREE AMERICAN PAINTERS

A foremost exemplar of American landscape painting has just died—Henry Ward Ranger. He was fifty-eight years old. He was a painter of the forest—not the impressionistic forest, or the gentle, delicate forest, or the merely decorative forests of other artists, but the bold, emphatic, forceful, rugged Connecticut woods, generally those near Noank, his summer home, and with usually one dominant rich color. Perhaps no American artist ever better exemplified at once the vigor and the invitingness of an American landscape than did Ranger. As proofs one has but to note his canvases in the galleries in New York City, Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Toledo, Buffalo, and at Syracuse, where he was born and where he was educated in the public schools and at the University. His work shows the influence of the modern Dutch school, though he studied also in France and England. He had also ability as a musical critic, and in his earlier days, when struggling for fame and fortune, used to eke out his living by writing criticisms of operas and concerts for the newspapers.

Within a few days of Mr. Ranger's death there also died two other painters, both of them Hartford men, William Gedney Bunce, who was killed by an automobile accident, and his friend, Charles Noel Flagg. Gedney Bunce was seventy-four years, Noel Flagg was sixty-eight years, old. Mr. Bunce was a pupil at Cooper Union, New York City, and afterwards of Achenbach in Düsseldorf and of Clays in Brussels. He studied twelve years in Europe and became a past-master in the art of interpreting Venetian scenes, always faithful to their wonderful color-tone. He was not only a notable artist but an interesting character, full of whimsicality and charm.

His death, so it is said, gave to his intimate friend, Mr. Flagg, a fatal shock. Born in Brooklyn, the brother of Montague Flagg, the artist, and Ernest Flagg, the architect, Noel Flagg was educated at the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, but spent almost all of his life in Hartford. He was best known as a portrait painter, his latest portrait to be generally exhibited having been one of Paul Wayland Bartlett, the sculptor, at the San Francisco Exposition. This portrait had also won him the prize for portraiture at the National Academy of Design. He had painted many of the portraits of the Governors of Connecticut for the State Capitol collection; a well-known work of his, aside from portraiture, is "The Seizure of the Charter," also in the Capitol at Hartford.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

In the illustrated section of The Outlook this week there appears a picture of an exhibition of chrysanthemums shown at the Natural History Museum of New York City.

We are all of us familiar with the huge blooms of the modern chrysanthemum, but few of us realize how great has been the development from the original chrysanthemum to these show beauties of to-day. The wonder which flower-workers have wrought was vividly shown at this exhibition at the Museum of Natural History, for beside these gorgeous mountains of bloom there was hung in a small basket one of the two remote parents of our modern flower.

The little yellow flower of the *Chrysanthemum indicum*, a Chinese species which, crossed with a Japanese species, the *Chrysanthemum sinense*, gave rise to all the chrysanthemums which we know, looked down on its overgrown descendants much as some revolutionary farmer might gaze upon a Fifth Avenue mansion which occupied the site of his vanished barn. The *Chrysanthemum indicum* is not dissimilar in form to some of the little field asters which lend their color and beauty to the glorification of the autumnal roadsides.

Indeed, the development of the aster in the hands of gardeners has followed very closely that of the more pretentious chrys-

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anthemum. Of course there are no asters which have attained to the magnificence of the best of chrysanthemums, but there is still a chance that some descendant of our roadside asters may attain to the dignity of the heirs of the little Chinese *Chrysanthemum indicum*. Imagine the beauty of a pyramid of asters as regal in form as the chrysanthemum which we show on another page, and doubly regal in the purple and gold of some of the asters of our fields. The possibility is one to encourage ambitious growers of flowers.

THE NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

Dr. Abraham Flexner, Assistant Secretary of the General Education Board, has announced a notable appropriation by that Board and the Rockefeller Foundation for the advancement of medical education in the United States. The large sum of money to be made available for this purpose is to be devoted towards the creation of a great medical school in connection with the University of Chicago.

Unlike the medical schools already established in the country (with the exception of Johns Hopkins and the Medical Department of the Washington University at St. Louis), the staff of the new school will devote its entire time and energy to research and instruction. The eminent surgeons connected with existing institutions, such, for instance, as those in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, devote part of their time to private practice. Such will not be the case in the new Chicago school.

The endowment of the new school includes the following items: two million dollars from the two Rockefeller organizations; two million dollars already set aside for the purpose by the Chicago University; the promise of $3,300,000 to be raised by the University of Chicago; and the plant and property of the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, valued at more than three million dollars.

With the establishment of this new school the famous Rush Medical College of Chicago, founded seventy-five years ago, will go out of existence. The staff of the Rush College and the physicians and surgeons now connected with the Presbyterian Hospital will all resign. The choice of the men to be associated with the new school will rest solely with the Medical Department of the University of Chicago.

PRUSSIAN DOCTRINE AND GERMAN EXPERIENCE

Are the German people growing weary of the Prussian ideal?

The German Chancellor's latest utterance (of which we give an account on another page) is certainly inconsistent with the doctrines on which the German people have been fed for a generation.

Treitschke, the German historian whose lectures were attended not only by university students but by soldiers from the neighboring garrison, has been the chief academic expounder of the Prussian militarist doctrine, and Bernhardi, his follower, has uttered it as a military expert. That doctrine is familiar. Among the articles of this creed are these: That war is not only a necessity but a benefit; that it is sometimes the duty of a sovereign actually to instigate war; that the state should seek power, and when war will contribute to that end that it should seek war; that when two states covet the same territory both states may be justified in going to war for it if the territory is essential to the maintenance or increase of the power of both; that small nations which stand in the way of the ambitions of big nations have no right to exist; that a nation which has attained a certain type of civilization is justified in imposing it upon the world if possible; that Germany, specifically, is entitled to what she can get by force in the way of territory and dominance; that any nation, be it Belgium or France, that stands in her path must be crushed.

To those who honestly and sincerely hold this view there is but one effective answer—defeat.

After two years and a quarter of indecisive war, Germany, imbued with this Prussian doctrine, faces defeat. She may not be crushed; her troops stand on foreign territory; the Fatherland so far is virtually free from the invader; but she has lost the chance to crush France, she cannot be sure of holding Belgium, she has lost almost all her colonies, she is driven off the ocean, and her pathway to the Near East is now kept open only by her own efforts and without any real aid from her tottering allies.

In all this the people of Germany can see a test of the doctrines which they have docilely learned to trust. They have looked to their Treitschkes of the universities and their Bernhardis of the army, and, above all, to their Hohenzollern Master, who has talked

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to them of shining armor and the rattling of the saber, and they have been obedient. No one can lay the blame for the failure of German aims upon the German people. They have loyally believed what they have been taught, and loyally done what they have been commanded to do—the Prussian doctrine has been thoroughly applied. If it has failed, it has not been for any failure of those by whom it has been applied; it has been because the doctrine itself has proved false. There is only one way by which the doctrine of force can be justified, and that is by success. The nation that worships power as its god will lose its religion when power proves to be weakness.

That is what is happening now. Germany has been taught that war is a necessity, and even a benefit; and now the German Chancellor calls this war "horrifying destruction" and "monstrous catastrophe." Germany has been taught that small nations have no rights which a great nation like Germany is bound to respect; and now the German Chancellor talks of political conditions that will do full justice to the free development of "small as well as great nations." Germany has been taught that the final justification of a nation is its might; and now the German Chancellor denounces the British course as a "policy of brute force." Germany has been taught that for the sake of acquiring power a nation may be justified in instigating a war; and now the German Chancellor abandons that doctrine by attempting to show that Germany's enemies instigated this war and are therefore villainous. Germany has been taught that no agreement is binding upon a nation if it is to the injury of that nation; and now the German Chancellor suggests the most binding kind of agreement by declaring: "Germany is at all times ready to join a league of nations—yes, even to place herself at the head of such a league—to keep in check the disturbers of peace."

Even though Bethmann Hollweg has never been a fire-eater, the fact that he as Chancellor says such things publicly may indicate that the doctrine of the Prussian militarist is losing its hold upon the German people.

If so, it is because the German people have exchanged teachers, and are now going to school under the instruction of the Allied guns on the four fronts.

As we have said before, the Allies are not only fighting the battle of their own freedom, but are fighting the battle of the freedom of the people of Germany.

ON THE BENDING OF TWIGS

We have received a letter from the "New York No Conscription Committee" asking us to support them in their work. The immediate purpose of this Committee appears to be the repeal of the laws passed by the last session of the New York Legislature for the military and physical education of the youth of that State. The general purpose of this Committee appears to be the education of the world in the horrors of militarism and in the viciousness of miseducating children. With this purpose no true American can disagree; but there may be and is a violent difference of opinion as to what constitutes militarism or miseducation.

After a careful reading of the material which this Committee sends us, we must sadly confess that we are not quite prepared to lend approval to the manner and method of the propaganda which it is fathering or mothering, as the case may be. But, since we always like to consider ourselves generous opponents of those with whom we disagree, we are glad to take this opportunity of offering our advice as to how the case of the New York No Conscription Committee may be strengthened.

In one of the leaflets inclosed in the letter from the No Conscription Committee occurs a statement relating to a bill providing for the military education of our youths, introduced by Senator Chamberlain during the last session of Congress. Here it is:

> A company of one hundred soldiers requires thirteen commissioned and non-commissioned officers; a regiment requires 130 officers, and a million soldiers require 130,000 officers.
>
> Since there are more than twelve million persons in the United States between the ages of twelve and twenty-three, the proposed legislation would give us more than one and a half million military officers in a country devoted to the arts of peace. Who can foretell the ultimate effects of such a policy or system after it has been fastened upon the youth of our land?

Now it is very evident from an exhaustive study of this passage that the writer thereof is so bitterly opposed to military training that his distaste for the military art has made it impossible for him to learn the facts as to military organization.

He says that a company of one hundred soldiers requires thirteen commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Evidently, in his calculation he has forgotten to include, at least, some twelve corporals. Adding these

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twelve corporals to his present estimate, we find that every regiment requires the horrendous total of 250 officers. Thus his final sum becomes no less than two million and a half of military officers in this country of ours so devoted to the arts of peace that it has never aroused the hostility of any foe and has endured in complete domestic tranquillity during the entire course of its history. How tragic it would have been indeed if any American had ever fired a shot in anger! We are glad to aid the author of the above statement in pointing out the true size of the overwhelming menace against which he has been so kind as to warn the American people.

On second thought, our kindly meant advice may not be as pertinent to the situation as we had fondly imagined. Perhaps the gentleman whom we have been attempting to assist believes that there is a great gulf fixed between corporals and sergeants, a gulf so great that while sergeants must be classed as menaces to our liberty, corporals may be safely ignored as beings quite as harmless as privates. If we have spoken too quickly, we beg forgiveness.

Inclosed with the leaflet from which we have just quoted is another, signed by the Western Humane Press Committee, which takes up the question of inculcating Militarism in our schools on much more fundamental grounds. It finds the embryo of that Moloch nurtured in the bosom of even our most carefully guarded American homes. Mark the trail of the serpent. We do not know what kind of track a Moloch leaves when he ventures abroad, so we are forced to substitute a serpent for a Moloch in our metaphor. We trust that this substitution will not be too harshly commented upon, for we do not wish to arouse thoughts of criticism in the minds of our readers, for criticism breeds hate, and hate breeds cruelty, and the arousing of cruelty might bring down upon us the wrath of the Western Humane Press Committee, and thereby begin all over again the whole vicious cycle of error.

But this is what the Western Humane Press Committee has to say on the subject of children and homes and cruelty:

> Train up a child to be cruel, and when he is grown he will be cruel.
>
> A rubber image of an animal, one that when pinched makes a noise like a cry of pain, is sometimes given to a child too young to know about live animals and pain. When later the child pinches the kitten or kicks the dog, he is putting into practice the lesson a careless parent taught him.

What an easy world it would be if by abolishing the names of things we could abolish the things themselves! The old custom of melting your enemy's image in wax could be so conveniently applied to all the evils of life. Does the polluted water in a neighboring river annoy you? Then take down your dictionary and draw your pen through the words "sewage" and "river." Does your neighbor's boy throw stones at your chickens? Do not spank him or threaten to tell his mother. If you train yourself to believe that boys do not exist and that stones are never thrown, you will endure to the end of your days in peace and tranquillity.

Let us by all means abandon the eagle as our National emblem. Let us create in its place a two-headed bird built somewhat on the lines of Austria's royal fowl, a bird with all the plumpness of a Thanksgiving turkey, one head adapted for the preening of feathers and the other built for perpetual burial in the sand.

Militarism has no more powerful friends than those who hope to destroy its terrible menace by the magic manipulation of empty words. While the idol of straw is being burned at the stake the idol of brass and iron stalks abroad through the world.

CHARACTER FIRST

"Safety first" is a sound maxim if the meaning of safety is clearly understood. Where the care of human life is the highest duty, the supreme responsibility, it must be taken at its face value. On railways, trolley cars, in the construction of buildings whether permanent or temporary, in steam navigation, in the protection of water supplies, in the regulation of traffic on the public highways, the guarding of life is paramount to all other duties, and the words "safety first," posted in places where life is in peril from many kinds of danger, form a sign that this happy-go-lucky country is beginning to awaken from its indolence and carelessness.

But in guarding the higher interests of life safety has a larger meaning than the protection of the body; it may, and often does, involve the utmost peril to the body. It has become to many people a maxim of spiritual degeneration.

Taken in an absolute sense, it becomes a shield for meanness of spirit and the coward-

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ice which eats the heart out of character. Too many Americans have changed the maxim to read "comfort first;" they demand that the world shall let them alone in the endeavor to make life easy and pleasant; they resent any interruption of what has become, as the result of a great prosperity, an irresponsible "joy ride." So long as their business is not endangered, their homes threatened, their pleasures menaced, the rest of the world may starve and suffer the tortures of fire and the sword. Other peoples may pour out their blood like water and take up enormous burdens in defense of the principles which have made America prosperous, but these things do not concern the "safety-first" Americans. Nothing touches them until it disturbs their comfort. "Let us eat and drink and be merry," they seem to say, "for to-morrow we die." It is certain that we must all die, but shall death be the triumph of the spirit or the rotting of the body? The comfort-first Americans need not fear death, because they are already dead; they have sold themselves for the mess of pottage.

The history of the human race in this world has been one sweeping condemnation of the "safety-first" conception of life. In the sight of God, it is evident, the first principle of safety is contempt for comfort and readiness to lay down life for a hundred things that are a thousand times more important. As it is revealed in the structure of life the will of God is expressed in the maxim, "Character first." There is no limit to the demands of the Christ when character is at stake; everything else is mere dross. Life itself does not count in the balance when character is in the other scale. There are great joys by the way in this life, but society will become safe only as it becomes just and merciful and self-sacrificing.

This is not a comfortable world in the sense that men may take their ease in it, and there is no prospect that it ever will be. Until all men understand that character is the end and the justification of the tremendous education which we call life, ease and comfort will be interrupted and destroyed by danger, by trouble, by peril of many kinds. To-day half the peoples of Europe are fighting for liberty and the privileges of spiritual manhood; they are dying by the hundreds of thousands and they are suffering calamities which leave the imagination aghast and helpless. It is a fearful price to pay for the things at stake, but it is not too great a price. Those who see in the struggle only blind fate and needless slaughter utterly fail to see the moral grandeur of it, the divine contempt which it pours on the safety-first rule of living, the overwhelming authority with which it asserts the "character-first" rule of living. Until men are ready to forget ease, to hold comfort subordinate to right, to be unselfish as well as just, the deeps of divine judgment will be broken up from time to time and great waves of disaster will roll over the fair landscape of material prosperity. Safety will come when character is attained, but not before.

SOME REMARKS ON FOOTBALL

BY PERCY D. HAUGHTON, THE HARVARD COACH

We have taken these "Remarks on Football" from an address delivered by Mr. Percy Haughton, coach of the Harvard football team, before a conference on athletics held some time ago for teachers under the auspices of the Harvard Division of Education. It was reported in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin."

These representative extracts from Mr. Haughton's address seem to us to give a striking picture of the service which football, as now played, is prepared to render the cause of education.

Modern football means sacrifice, loyalty, courage, and organized efficiency. It means team play of the highest order, and team play is what America needs.—THE EDITORS.

SOME people may think that too much time is given to athletics in our colleges, but, however true this may be, I believe that athletics are being conducted to-day much more sanely than in the past. . . .

There can be no denying that once in a while a man will be injured in an athletic contest. But we must remember that in this country thousands upon thousands of men are competing, and that, in proportion to the

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number involved, injuries are very few, and that every precaution is being taken to lessen the number. . . .

Of course there are injuries in football; it is a rough game, and so is life. . . .

You often hear football players say, "I wish the time would soon come when I must give up smoking and begin to eat apples." I do not know that apples are a good substitute for cigarettes, but it is a fact that the men do give up smoking and do eat apples. This is a good experience; having been through this season of training, and having observed the immense benefit that comes from it, the men see that it is a good plan to keep it up in after life. . . .

Before taking up football coaching I fortunately had some experience in the militia, where I was greatly impressed by the results of strict discipline. Until you have come in contact with military discipline you have no idea what discipline means. From a military point of view, it means instantaneous and instinctive obedience to the word of command. . . . This instantaneous and instinctive action is, in a large degree, responsible for the success of the Harvard football teams in recent years. The discipline is put on a military basis. . . .

The instantaneous part is quite easy, but the instinctive part can be had only by getting a man thoroughly interested in the subject in hand. . . . I have talked with soldiers about the way in which they respond to the many commands which they receive. They admitted that they did not know just what they did when the command was given. . . . Instinctive action is a great asset; when you get it, the active part of the mind is free to cope with outside and unforeseen problems. . . .

Each man on the team is merely one-eleventh of the unit and is always considered as such, not as an individual. He cannot escape this influence in after life, for the first thing he discovers when he goes out into the world is the fact that he is one of a mighty host. He must take things in the spirit in which they are given him, and do them thoroughly. . . .

I suppose I am right in saying that the reason a boy is taught algebra and geometry and the like is because such studies afford a real means of mental exercise. The same thing may be said of football training. . . . The signal system is very complicated; if I should show you a set of the simplest signals I doubt if you could learn them in a short space of time. It is a new phase of mental activity for most people. It is a sort of language in itself. Instead of saying, "It is my turn," a man says, "1-4-6-2." . . .

It is often a great deal easier—and the results are much better—to take a bright student with a reasonably good physique and teach him the physical part of the game than it is to take a man who has all the physical equipment but is not mentally up to the task

The coaches have to teach the men to do their work under a tremendous strain. When forty thousand people are yelling themselves hoarse, it is hard for a man to keep his mind on the work in hand; only those who have had the experience know how hard. If a man can do this, he will be more apt to be successful in after life. He learns to make decisions quickly and accurately, and to use his brains under the greatest stress. In the general experiences of life a man often fails at a critical moment because he lacks the power to pull himself through. For example, many a man cannot rise to the occasion of saying a few words in the form of an after-dinner speech. He is "rattled" and his brain goes back on him; he cannot think of anything to say.

I once had a chance to put through a big "deal" in business; my business friend and I struggled for four hours to reach a satisfactory arrangement, until finally, under the strain of the conference, my brain began to "go back on me," and I gave the thing up A short time later I met the same gentleman, and, in discussing the matter, he remarked that if I had brought up a particular point in the situation and had presented it in the proper way he would have been won over to my way of thinking and his client would have accepted my terms. But my brain had refused to work; I failed on that point, and consequently I had a considerable financial loss. That sort of thing is what men are "up against" in life; there always comes a time when you must make a quick decision and you must decide rightly.

The football player has not only to make his decisions quickly and correctly, but he must do so without effort, and to do this he must know the game.

The man who comes through successfully has gained great mental power that will stay with him through life.

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WHY PRESIDENT WILSON WAS ELECTED

A POLL OF THE PRESS

NEW YORK CITY papers proclaimed with one voice on Wednesday morning, November 8, that Mr. Hughes was elected. Not only that, but they dilated editorially on the meaning of the election. The Minneapolis "Journal" (Ind. Rep.) thus pokes fun at those papers:

The staid and soberly Democratic "Times" found dubious comfort in the fact that, since the "business interests" had insisted on electing Hughes, the hope might be cherished that "business will prosper."

The "World," bitterest of Hughes's opponents, cryptically promised "to give Mr. Hughes the strongest support that he makes it possible for us to give him."

The carefully balanced "Herald," explaining that its campaign interest had "centered in issues, not men," proceeded to give Mr. Hughes several columns of editorial advice, such as to "make a real Cabinet," to abjure a second term, and to separate Federal from State elections.

The "Sun," enthusiastic for Hughes, discoursed on the "writ of ejectment" served on Wilson by the people, and indulged in some Sunny sarcasm at the expense of its contemporaries who had been so wrong in their pre-election estimates.

The "Tribune," which had had difficulty in supporting Hughes because he was not sufficiently anti-German, expatiated on "The End of Wilsonism," and warned Mr. Hughes to be up and doing in the matter of "National rehabilitation."

The "American," which Mr. Hearst had switched to Wilson at the last minute, ascribed his defeat to his "bad foreign policies."

The recanting of these excellent sermonizings is now keeping the New York morning newspapers busy. They are digesting the astonishing fact that the State of New York is not the whole Union, and that the West has a share in the election of Presidents.

The Topeka, Kansas, "Capital" (Rep.) adds:

Western people are fond of saying that the most provincial place is New York, which doesn't know that anything exists west of the Alleghanies. Well, now it knows of something that exists west of Pittsburgh—the political power of the United States.

WHY THE CHANGE?

Election post-mortems are not enjoyable diversions, affirms the Buffalo "News" (Rep.). "Perhaps, then, it is just as well to refrain from explaining how and why it happened"—"it" being the election of November 7, 1916. "The temptation, however, is so great that we cannot pass some of the more obvious reasons without comment." This temptation few newspapers resisted.

PEACE

The Leavenworth, Kansas, "Times" (Rep.) asserts that the voters who elected Wilson were influenced by the plea that "He kept us out of war," the Adamson Law, the high price of farm products. "Eliminate these features from the campaign and there is no doubt that Hughes would have swept the country."

The Los Angeles "Express" (Ind.), a California Hughes supporter, declares: "We believe that Mr. Wilson's re-election in great degree is to be attributed to the horror and detestation the American people feel toward war;" and particularizes:

Other considerations, such as the President's manifest sympathy with projects for social and industrial justice, entered as factors into the political equation and swayed the sentiments and the votes of men and women, but we believe that the President's clear purpose to preserve the United States from embroilment in war was a controlling influence.

The Laredo, Texas, "Record" (Dem.) remarks:

It has been erroneously supposed that the election of Hughes would have meant war. Few people would accept the responsibility of voting for a war. It would be a sad commentary on a nation for a majority of its people to vote for a war, and no political party would include a war plank in its platform. But many people have voted, as they supposed, against war and bloodshed, and, while their judgment may be questioned, their sentiment is true and wholesome, and their repugnance to war is a commendable trait that may be reckoned among the virtues of the American character.

PROSPERITY

When wheat reached a dollar a bushel, the Populist party died, and the demand for free silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 lost its appeal, says the Milwaukee "Leader," the well-known Western Socialist paper, and adds:

There are many explanations for the election of Woodrow Wilson, but one of the prime

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reasons is to be found in $2 wheat. Wilson carried the normally Republican States of the Northwest by virtue of the farmer vote. It was useless for the Republican politicians to assure farmers who had sold their wheat at from $1.50 to $2 a bushel, their oats for 50 cents, and their corn at $1 a bushel that they were not enjoying prosperity and needed a change.

The geographical distinction is explained by the Milwaukee "Leader." "In the East," it says, "where the people buy the products of the Western farm, the Republican complaint against high food prices found willing ears," for "the manufacturing districts want high prices for manufactured goods and high wages for industrial workers and a low cost of living." But this, protests the Milwaukee paper, "is precisely what the Western farmer doesn't want. He wants to sell dear and buy cheap."

PROGRESSIVISM

Mr. William Allen White, editor of the Emporia, Kansas, "Gazette" (Rep.), says that the reason for the vote for Mr. Wilson is: "The opportunity to vote as they wished to vote was taken from the great body of men when the Progressive party quit business," but that they would not vote with those who disturbed the aspirations of the people. "Not even the issue of National honor swayed these Western political crusaders; disheartened and ashamed . . . these people voted for Wilson. Their leaders went to Hughes, but the folks in the West refused to follow. They would vote for a man and a party that they despised before voting for a party that they distrusted."

Says the New York "American" (Dem.):

This election has not been decided by the farmers; it has not been decided by the women voters; it has been decided by the Progressives.

After showing that the Iowa farmers disagreed in their voting with the Ohio farmers, and the California women voted differently from the Illinois women, the "American" continues:

It was not the prevailing peace that elected Mr. Wilson. It was not the general prosperity. It was not the votes of the farmers, nor the votes of the women. It was not the ineffectiveness of the Hughes campaign, considerable as that was, nor the incompetence of the Willcox management, conspicuous as that was.

It was not the personal popularity of Mr. Wilson or the general record of the Democratic Administration, which was part good and part bad.

It was the failure of the Republicans to recognize the importance of the progressive movement and the extent of the progressive sentiment.

WALL STREET

Mr. Vance McCormick, Democratic National Chairman, in his Harrisburg "Patriot" (Dem.) thus calls attention to another feature: "As the perspective of the election lengthens, the result lends itself to a very definite interpretation: the power of Wall Street in the East; its impotency in the West."

THE LABOR VOTE

In opposition to the views of some, the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) thus summarizes the views of many others:

There is no evidence that the union labor vote was the decisive element in carrying any State for Wilson. Mr. Gompers's noisy promises went for naught. As it turned out, the President's bid for the labor vote was more than fruitless. It was superfluous.

THE WOMAN VOTE

This is the way the Democrats feel about the woman vote. The Knoxville, Tennessee, "Sentinel" (Dem.) speaks for all:

The women of the West have nobly vindicated their qualification to exercise the ballot patriotically and intelligently. They refused to be herded and handed over to any candidate by their leaders, and by all evidences, and up to this writing, they gave the bulk of their votes to the man who has maintained peace with honor for the American people and helped to swell the Wilson tide in the West.

The Detroit "News" (Ind.) says:

It was the votes of women that re-elected President Wilson. The inference is inevitable when the returns are studied. Mr. Wilson carried ten of the twelve suffrage States, losing only Illinois and Oregon. His popular vote in the dozen States, according to the unofficial returns, was 2,416,000. Four years ago in the same States he polled but 1,212,000 votes.

MR. HUGHES

Another reason is found in the Republican candidate. The Boston "Journal" (Rep.) describes him thus:

There have been more imposing figures in defeat than Charles Evans Hughes. Mr. Hughes has all the courage, all the fine sportsmanship, that he needs, but his position is not a graceful one.

There is a certain element of aloofness in Hughes; a natural trait, perhaps, and intensified by his six years in the cloistered atmosphere of the Supreme Court.

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The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) thus discriminates:

However much importance one may attach to Mr. Hughes's failure, only deliberate and intentional injustice could obscure the extent of the personal triumph of Mr. Wilson. . . . Who is there that has forgotten the chill that came with the first words of Mr. Hughes? Who is there who can or will forget the sense of disappointment, of grief, of disillusionment, that came with the opening addresses of the new candidate? A world was on fire: abroad the whole fabric of human society was in the throes of a tremendous struggle; at home the very foundations of our unity and our existence were threatened, and in the face of all this the man to whom we had turned for deliverance could find no braver word and no loftier sentiment than those which have fallen from the lips of cart-tail orators since political campaigns began.

THE GERMAN-AMERICANS

German-American opinion is thus put forth by the "New Yorker Herold:"

The country will not consider this paltry favoring of Wilson by a few votes, resembling an ending decided by a throw of the dice, as an indorsement of his policy. If the President has been sobered down through the slimness of his majority, as is indeed to be expected, then he himself will be the last one to indulge in the illusion of thinking he has been indorsed.

Under misapprehension as to the election of Mr. Hughes, the German "Vorwärts," of Wisconsin, had dared to say:

The election has proved that no other American statesman will ever dare alienate the hyphen vote.

Thus, replies the La Crosse, Wisconsin, "Tribune" (Ind.), Germany serves notice upon free America that our elections must submit to the dictation of German interests, and that the American candidate who dares defy German authority is doomed to defeat. But Wilson, who "alienated the hyphen vote," was elected by Republican States which he had no reason to expect he could carry. And this Wisconsin paper adds this rejoinder:

One quite naturally reverses the reasoning of "Vorwärts." The answer is that in future no American statesman will dare to pander to or even wink at political support organized in the name of a foreign country.

THE ENGLISH PRESS

English opinion also concerns itself with this. The London "Times" says:

Our relations, not only as a Government but as a people, have been always most friendly with him [Mr. Wilson], as they would have been with any other whom the people of the United States had honored with their confidence. . . .

Americans have no doubt read with contemptuous amusement the comments of the German press upon their choice. When the Germans supposed President Wilson defeated, they boasted that it was the German-Americans who had squared the account, they branded him as the most hated man in Germany. . . .

Now that they find President Wilson re-elected they welcome the event from the German standpoint, though in rather rueful kind.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

The Toronto "Globe" does not consider the Democratic victory a personal triumph for the President so much as the triumph of a domestic political movement, without much reference to the present gigantic war in Europe. It adds:

The net effect of the election, so far as the war is concerned, is that the United States must be eliminated from all effective participation in the negotiations and deliberations of the most important Peace Congress in the world's history.

THE FRENCH PRESS

The "Petit Journal" says:

President Wilson's victory is highly satisfactory to us for two reasons: The first is that for four years American foreign policies will be free from all electoral considerations, as the Constitution forbids President Wilson from seeking a third term; the second reason is that the result of the election must put new life into American neutrality.

THE GERMAN PRESS

The only comment from a German paper which we have seen is that coming by the way of Amsterdam. The Berlin "Tägliche Rundschau" is reported as calling Wilson "the man most hated in Germany." The paper declares that for a long time its readers bombarded the editorial offices with protests when it endeavored to expose the President's methods. "But now all that is changed," says the "Rundschau," according to this despatch. "When we name the men most hated in Germany, Wilson's name comes first."

THE JAPANESE PRESS

The Japanese press praises Mr. Wilson's peaceful disposition and believes that his continuation in office augurs well for the furtherance of Americo-Japanese friendship. A significant sidelight, however, is given in the added phrase, "Business circles are pleased, as they feared that a Republican protective tariff would be a blow to Japanese exports to America."

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THE MAN WHO SWEPT CALIFORNIA

A PERSONAL SKETCH OF HIRAM W. JOHNSON

BY EDGAR WILLIAMS

PRESIDENT OF THE STATE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION OF CALIFORNIA

A POLITICAL miracle has been wrought in California. The man whom the leaders of the Old Guard attacked as irregular, the wrecker of a party, a traitor and deserter, has been magnificently victorious.[1] Rejected by narrow-visioned leaders, he was chosen by the people. There is only one regular Republicanism in California, and that is the progressive kind for which Governor Johnson has striven and given the best six years of his life.

It may be said here that he did not desire to make the fight for the Senatorial nomination and election. The toga has no particular attractions for him; not that he underrates the honor, dignity, and importance of the office, but he has been desirous of returning to the practice of the law and earning the income which his chosen profession will yield him, an amount greatly in excess of his salary as Senator. And Governor Johnson is not a rich man, nor has he even accumulated a competency. He yielded to the demands made upon him and made a sacrifice to political duty, which means more than those who importuned him to enter upon a new crusade fully realize. He consented to make the fight in order that the spirit and purpose and object of progressivism might survive, and that what had been won for the people of the State after hard battles might be safely secured to them; and that he might do a better work in the Senate and accomplish more in National legislation than he could as Governor with so little, comparatively, remaining to be done of an affirmative character.

Colonel Roosevelt said of him when he was nominated for Vice-President by the Progressive party, "We have nominated the only type of man who ever ought to be nominated for the Vice-Presidency; we have nominated a man fit to be President of the United States."

Hiram W. Johnson was born in Sacramento forty-nine years ago, and is therefore both a native and a favorite son. He went through the schools of his birthplace, was graduated from the University of California, studied law, and practiced with success in Sacramento and San Francisco, eventually taking up his residence in the latter city. No better trial lawyer ever faced a jury, and he made a great reputation as such, especially in northern California. His residence is on Russian Hill. It is a well-appointed home but an unpretentious dwelling. One may view from the terraced gardens the waters of San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate, Mount Tamalpais beyond, and the shore of Marin County. Mrs. Johnson, who was Miss Minnie McNeal, of Sacramento, is the charming mistress of this home when she is not at the executive mansion in Sacramento. She is the Governor's helpmeet and companion, the only individual he bows to as boss—indeed "Boss" is her pet name. There are two grown sons, Archibald and Hiram, Jr., both lawyers in San Francisco.

The Governor is a little under the medium height, with square shoulders and deep chest. His dark hair, in which the gray is beginning to show, is parted near the middle, and behind reinforced spectacles are kindly gray eyes which can sparkle defiantly when aroused. His features are oval and rather prominent, though not large. He has a well-formed mouth and insurgent chin. He is simple in his tastes, unostentatious, democratic. He hates the formality of frills and fuss of red tape. He is modestly dignified, and, although he does not seek the crowd, unlike Maeterlinck's bee, which would otherwise be smothered, he is by no means a recluse, but is social and companionable, pleasant and agreeable in conversation.

The friends of Governor Johnson throughout the country, who know how simple his tastes are, will be amused by the following story concerning one of the humors of his recent campaign. He had held an unusually successful meeting in one of the towns of the southern part of the State. He then drove to the next town on his itinerary. He was there informed by telephone that the local paper of the former town had printed a story to the effect that Governor Johnson was traveling through the State in a foreign-made touring car, having a coat of arms on the doors, with a foreigner as chauffeur who was dressed in livery more becoming to a servant of royalty than to the chauffeur of the

[1] See Mr. Davenport's Special Correspondence on "Political Bourbonism," printed on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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Governor of an American commonwealth. An explanation was requested. Governor Johnson said that he was at a loss to explain the article in print, that his automobile was an old one of domestic manufacture, void of ornamentation, that his chauffeur had been brought up on the sand lots of San Francisco, and that the most royal thing about his uniform was an old, dusty, weather-beaten duster.

Governor Johnson was unable to account for the yarn, and later made some remark about it while lunching with his chauffeur by the roadside.

"Governor," said the graduate of the sand lots, "I guess that is my fault."

"How is that?" he inquired.

"Why, it is just this way," the chauffeur replied. "I was very busy attending to the car, and was bothered by the crowd asking me various questions. I had no time to answer them, and finally said, "Me no speak English."

Out of that remark was constructed the story published in the opposition paper. Incidentally it illustrates just about how much foundation many sensational political stories have.

His two inaugurations were simple in the extreme. He dresses plainly; a dress suit is an abomination; receptions and banquets are things which have to be endured if they cannot be avoided. He is sedentary in his habits. A good ball-player in his youth, the games of the Sacramento Club of the Pacific Coast League were his great diversion. He has been deprived of this form of relaxation, however, since the disbandment of the club. Recently horseback-riding was recommended as a desirable form of exercise, but his friends have an idea that it has not progressed beyond the arnica stage of equestrian progressivism.

He has the saving grace of humor, and it has helped him many times to be able to see the humorous side of things. Simplicity, frankness, and directness are strong characteristics, and his mental processes are rapid and conclusions quickly and logically formed. But he does not act independently and without consultation in framing legislative programmes, shaping public policies, or arranging political campaigns. He freely consults legislators, but naturally does not find them in the opposition camp, and advises with his friends. His final action has been well considered, and has the force and determination of a fixed purpose and definite conclusion. Perhaps it is this that has caused some persons, usually not his friends, to attribute to him a stubborn disposition; he is certainly constitutionally opposed to compromise on essential principles.

As a speaker Governor Johnson is forceful and convincing. He admittedly is one of the best public speakers in the country. He marshals his facts with the consummate skill that a veteran field marshal displays in disposing his armies. He analyzes them with the ability of a trained lawyer. His voice has trajectory power. It is not a musical voice, although by no means unpleasant. It is not full, rounded, and deep, but it has a human, appealing cadence that grips and holds the attention. When he addressed the memorable Chicago Convention in 1912, he was the only Progressive who compelled the attention of a hostile majority, and was heard from beginning to end without interruption until his time had expired, and then it was extended. He uses few gestures. His most characteristic one is a downward drive with his right arm and closed hand. Occasionally there is an extension of both arms toward his audience with open palms; and occasionally his right arm is raised perpendicularly with index finger upright as he makes some striking point. He never sways or bends his body, nor does he move about the platform while he is speaking. I have heard him speak for an hour and over without moving from the position first taken, unless it was to take a drink of water.

Governor Johnson has not been an opportunist, and has not once during the six years of his administration sacrificed principle to expediency or built success on policy. His consuming passion when he became a candidate for Governor and then the chosen chief executive of this great State was to restore the government to the people and provide for the crying social and industrial needs of the day. After those great aims were accomplished facts his purpose has been to safeguard and protect the people from the attacks of those who would despoil them of what had been secured after so hard a fight and after so long a time. Governor Johnson has grown with experience and the exercise of power.

He knows and understands the people and magnifies the trust reposed in him by them and his duty to them. That a Governor should be something more than a mere executive is his conception of his office. He feels that he is more like the head of a great

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corporation, with the people as its stockholders, who have chosen him to represent them, and that he should consult and advise with them. He accepts the drudgery of executive routine, but he does not subscribe to the old doctrine that the big bosses and little bosses should look after the interests of the people while he does executive knitting. The result is that the great body of the people have absolute confidence in his sincerity, honesty, and integrity, and his desire and purpose to do the right thing undismayed by and unafraid of the hostile criticism of those who are wedded to the old order. And he has abundantly demonstrated by this time that democracy with him is an abiding passion, not a temporary expedient.

Every State of the Union has had its experience with boss rule and corporation domination, and with waste, corruption, and extravagance to a greater or less degree at some period of its history; but no State was so completely dominated by corrupt influences for so long a time and suffered so severely as California. During the decade preceding the year 1910 the commonwealth was prey for the plunderers, and was controlled in every department, executive, legislative, and judicial, by big business and corporate interests. A place in the public service carried with it license to loot. The sessions of the Legislature were eras of extravagant saturnalia, the pay-roll often amounting to $10,000 for a single week, and a short week at that. A regimental company of doorkeepers were appointed to hold guard over a single door which led nowhere. Stenographers were appointed who could not tell a shorthand mark from a Chinese character.

The various institutions offered inviting fields for thieving through padded pay-rolls, the farming out of inmates as laborers, the sale by the superintendents of property owned by the State back to it, the making of fat contracts with themselves by officials, the furnishing of supplies by favored rings at profits running from one hundred to one thousand per cent. The limit of freight charges was the ability of shippers to pay, and express rates were oppressively high.

The shame of it all was that this condition of affairs was quite thoroughly understood. The corrupt legislators and office-holders shared in the plunder; those personally honest condoned it, and the people were indifferent or unable to make a change. In the year 1909, however, the railway-controlled Legislature threw a sop to the people, who were at last waking up to a realization of conditions and the necessity for a change, by passing a direct primary law. It was framed in the interest of the machine and was an imperfect and unsatisfactory law. However, the reformers defeated the machine with its own imperfect instrument, and succeeded in nominating their candidate under it for Governor. In the Legislature of 1911 they had sufficient strength to make it one of the best direct primary laws of any State.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt League had been formed as the result of much hard work on the part of unselfish citizens of the State who placed patriotism above partisanship. When the time came to agree upon a candidate for Governor, the League decided upon Hiram W. Johnson. He had taken up the task of prosecuting Abe Reuf when Francis J. Heney had been shot. Mr. Johnson was reluctant to make the fight, desiring to continue his law practice. He yielded to the demands that he make the sacrifice and consented to make the fight. But he insisted on making his own platform, saying, "If I go into the fight, I go in with the understanding that if I win the Southern Pacific will be kicked out of the politics of the State." Mr. Johnson had been active in organizing the League and was then vice-president. He had been an active participant in several reform campaigns in San Francisco; had demonstrated his capacity, ability, and courage as a leader and his power as a public speaker. Mr. Johnson had retired from the graft prosecution on account of his public labors in its behalf, and did so in order to remove any criticism of personal selfish motives. He courageously took up the work of prosecution again when Mr. Heney was shot.

Governor Johnson entered the campaign for the gubernatorial nomination with all his tireless energy and boundless enthusiasm. Everything was against him so far as political organization, prestige, and resources were concerned; but, undismayed, he tackled the big job energetically, and with an automobile covered thousands of miles in a canvass which took him to every city, town, and hamlet in the State. Communities which had never before heard a candidate for the nomination for Governor or had collectively seen a Governor met and heard one for the first time. As a physical feat the campaign was extraordinary, and as a reform crusade in the boss-ridden State there had been nothing like it.

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Everywhere he went he uttered the shibboleth, "I will kick the Southern Pacific out of the Government of the State." By the evident sincerity of his purpose and strong compelling personality he secured the nomination, receiving 100,000 votes, or as many as his two competitors combined. He later started out on his campaign for election, and duplicated his former canvass. In all of his campaigns Governor Johnson has probably covered 50,000 or 60,000 miles by automobile. He therefore knows the State and people as no other man in California. It is one of the reasons why he has smashed precedents. Up to his renomination, no Governor had been renominated and re-elected. Although party custom divides the two United States Senators between the north and south, he secured the nomination as Senator against a man south of the Tehachapi.

The convening of the Legislature for 1911 was a somewhat anxious time for Governor Johnson and his supporters, for it was not certainly known that the Progressives would show sufficient strength and unity of purpose to carry out the reform legislative programme.

The Governor's message to the assembled legislators was a masterly one, strong, vigorous, clean cut. It cleared the air and blazed the trail, and a majority of the Legislature, despite vigorous opposition, carried out the programme of reform to the last measure. The legislation promised by the platform on which Governor Johnson was nominated embraced a simpler primary law; direct election of United States Senators; abolition of the "party circle" on the ballot; non-partisan nomination of judges; initiative, referendum, and recall; simpler criminal procedure; business reforms in administration; conservation legislation; larger powers for railway commission, public service commission; shorter ballot; county home rule; workmen's compensation act; and submission of a woman's suffrage amendment.

Every promise made in this advanced programme was either effective within the short space of ninety days after Governor Johnson's inauguration by measures enacted into law or submitted to the voters of the State for adoption as amendments to the Constitution. Every one of the measures so submitted was ratified, and became part of the organic law of California at a special session of the Legislature. The gain to California by the comprehensive constructive legislation made effective during Governor Johnson's administration may be summarized as follows:

A Board of Control which is the business agency of the State. This department has stopped underdraining of the treasury, wiped out corrupt practices, systematized the methods of doing business, including an audit of all the books and accounts of the State every six months, and making the management of its affairs comparable to that of any efficient business corporation. It costs $119,360 to do this, but the Board has effected savings by economies resulting from the adoption of a budget system and competitive bidding, which amount to more than $2,500,000, it is estimated.

A Railroad Commission which has regulated public utilities corporations justly and fairly, and, without depriving them of reasonable profits or imposing burdensome regulations and restrictions, has saved consumers and shippers $7,000,000 a year.

A Workmen's Compensation Insurance and Safety Act which safeguards the rights of injured employees and protects those dependent upon them in case of death. During a period of two and a half years 2,822 applications for adjustment of controversies were filed with the Commission, and on July 1, 1916, 2,407 of these had been decided. Only 94, or 3.9 per cent, were appealed to the courts, and of the cases decided the Commission was sustained in 35 of them, and reversed in 16.

A Civil Service Commission which operates under an advanced and comprehensive law. When it is asserted that Governor Johnson has built up a great political machine by the use of patronage, all that is necessary in answer is to point to the drastic Civil Service Law under which the chief executive was deprived by his own act of the control of thousands of positions.

A Superintendent of Weights and Measures under an Act which is designed to obtain for every purchaser exactly what he is charged for in weight and measure.

A Labor Bureau which has been an efficient and helpful department to labor, aiding those without means to obtain justice, and also, through a free employment bureau, obtaining positions for the unemployed without cost to them. Positions have been found for 28,339 persons during less than a year in operation. Approximately $4,000,000 has been earned in wages by the men and women

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who have secured these positions at an estimated saving to them in fees of over $50,000.

The finest system of highways constructed anywhere has been built and $18,000,000 economically and honestly disbursed.

A State Market Commission. Colonel Harris Weinstock, one of the State's most successful merchants, a man of National reputation, is working out the problem, as Market Director, for the fruit-grower and farmer, of how to market the product of orchard and farm so as to obtain the results of their toil to which they are entitled.

Child labor abolished, and children given a chance to go to school to learn instead of the factory to work.

An eight-hour day for women and the right of suffrage.

The solution of river power and the conservation of overflow waters for the irrigation of arid lands.

Free text-books.

A modern system of wharves for the port of San Francisco.

A corporation commissioner who is doing highly efficient work under the Blue Sky Law in protecting the unsuspecting and too easily deceived public from unscrupulous and designing speculators.

An Industrial Welfare Commission which investigates and deals with the employment of women and minors and secures to women a living wage.

An Immigration and Housing Commission whose duty it is to secure for industrial workers wholesome and sanitary conditions of labor.

Under the administration of Governor Johnson State institutions have been modernized and equipped at great expense, an improvement long needed but always postponed.

Since the beginning of Governor Johnson's administration nearly the entire burden of maintaining the government is met by the various corporations, steam railways, street railways, electric light and power companies, insurance companies, banks, telegraph and telephone companies, and express companies. They pay ninety-five per cent of the cost of government and the remaining five per cent is derived from fees. And it may be said in passing that this ninety-five per cent does not come out of the consumer by increased charges to the people. Instead of being raised, the charges of the public utilities companies have been reduced by the decisions of the Railroad Commission as stated. And, notwithstanding this, the corporations have done more business than ever. This illustrates very strikingly how the people of the State were robbed by excessive charges before a "nagging," "demagogic," and "repressive" administration controlled the Government.

The published statement, the origin of which was not political, but was made to serve politics, that the per capita tax of California is the second highest of any State, has been unfair to the Government and has placed California in a false position.

The only way to ascertain the per capita for the maintenance of a State Government, proper, and to make comparisons worth while with the per capita of other States, according to Comptroller John S. Chambers, the efficient head of the Department, is to eliminate all transactions in which the State acts either as an agent or a trustee. The Wisconsin Tax Commission, which probably is the ablest commission of the kind in the United States, in a recent pamphlet sustains this view very emphatically. It is the common-sense view, of course. California expends upon education about $9,000,000 a year, of which sum over $5,000,000 goes for the support of its common and high schools; this is merely collected by the State, as agent, and turned back for the support of the schools.

There is refunded to the various counties and cities on account of the bonded indebtedness of the State, counties, and cities outstanding when the present system of taxation went into effect, and also to certain other counties as reimbursement for the loss of railway property for local tax purposes, nearly $1,000,000 a year. There is also handled for the San Francisco Harbor receipts, say, of $1,500,000 a year, and this money can be used only for harbor purposes, and not for general State purposes. The State is also refunding to the counties, at this time, nearly $900,000, their half of the motor vehicle taxes as collected. Because of wrong assessments, erroneous taxes, etc., a large amount of money is refunded each year, and there are other transactions, agent-like in character, that probably would make the total of such matters $13,000,000 or $14,000,000. Now, by deducting this sum from the gross expenditure of $36,000,000, and dividing the

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difference by, say, 3,000,000 (the approximate population of California), you will get a per capita of between $7 and $8. Some difference between $8 and $21!

Thus it was that within a year after Governor Johnson's inauguration every platform pledge had been enacted into law. This was one hundred per cent. More or better could not be done. This justifies Theodore Roosevelt's tribute to this accomplishment as "the most comprehensive programme of constructive legislation ever enacted at a single session of any American Legislature."

Here we have the mighty political revolution of a great commonwealth, held as a chattel and exploited as personal property, reformed, regenerated and reconstructed, and reactionary domination in behalf of corporate interests giving place to Progressive control in the interest of the people. Can any American commonwealth show a record in any wise approaching it?

THE LAST STAND OF POLITICAL BOURBONISM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

During the past nine and a half months Mr. Frederick M. Davenport has been observing for The Outlook the course of political events in the United States. His series of articles on "The Pre-Nomination Campaign" attracted very wide attention, and his diagnosis of the situation proved accurate. Though affiliated with the Republican party as a member of the New York Legislature and with the Progressive party as a candidate for the Governorship of New York, and now an enrolled Republican again, he has proved his understanding of the point of view of the Democratic party under President Wilson's leadership. His article on President Wilson was recognized by Democratic leaders as a fair and broad interpretation of the President. During the Presidential campaign he traveled through the West on the Hughes trips as a staff correspondent of The Outlook, and his acute observation of political conditions in the West will be remembered by The Outlook's readers. In the following piece of special correspondence Mr. Davenport interprets the election in the light of his experiences during the campaign.

Incidentally we remind our readers that in The Outlook for October 25, under the title of 'Political Miracles in California," was printed an account of the situation in California, from which we quote the following sentences:

"No one . . . questions the election of Governor Johnson to the Senate. According to one of our correspondents, no one guesses his majority as 'so little as a hundred thousand.' . . . The Old Guard attempted to capitalize Mr. Hughes's visit and to make it useful for their own return to power. . . . The Old Guard were not thinking of Mr. Hughes, but of their own political rehabilitation. . . . Almost anything—except the defeat of Governor Johnson—can happen to California. . . . California might be ordinarily termed normally a Republican State. California, however, is doubtful to-day because there are many independent voters . . . who feel that President Wilson has had a hard time of it, and has done well to keep the country out of war, and they intend to vote for him. . . . Even those who believe that the State will be carried by Hughes admit that the vote is likely to be close."

Mr. Davenport's account of the situation in California from a Republican point of view is based on facts that were recognized before the election.—THE EDITORS.

THE Far West turns out to be the crux and the surprise of the election. It was not cold to Mr. Hughes when he campaigned in that section of the country. The audiences which he met were everywhere large, eager, attentive, and thoughtful. But the aftermath of his visit, particularly to Washington and California, seems to have been unhappy. And the reason for it now begins clearly to come into vision. The Bourbon escort and leadership of the existing Republican organization, which Mr. Hughes was practically forced to accept in certain pivotal States or else go again into the head-breaking business which had disrupted the Republicans in 1910 and 1912, appears to have been misunderstood and misinterpreted in its relation to the candidacy of the Repub-

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lican nominee. And thereby hangs a tale of much human interest because it throws light upon the future of political parties in the United States.

When Mr. Hughes arrived in San Francisco, the primary elections, which two weeks later resulted in the overwhelming nomination of the Progressive Governor Johnson[1] as Republican candidate for United States Senator, had not yet been held. Mr. Hughes was escorted in San Francisco and later through the State by a few Republican gentlemen, at that moment in regularly elected control of the inner party machinery, who were remarkable examples of the blind and irreconcilable Bourbon in politics. They had no more conception of what the free and independent citizens of the great State of California were thinking of than a six-weeks-old baby. And they were not anxious about learning. Their whole idea seemed to be to retain control of the party machinery for their own ulterior purposes. During the Hughes tour of the State they did two things in broad daylight which, as it turns out, a large number of Californians deeply resented.

In the first place, they flouted and treated with indignity Johnson and certain of his leading lieutenants who were vigorously supporting the Republican candidate Hughes. They gave out word to the newspapers and in private conversation that the very presence of Johnson at any Hughes meeting would be resented by them, and would be an injury to the party and the country! Of course Johnson kept away from the Hughes meetings, and the situation was so bitter and so tense that Hughes felt that he could not do anything about it without making things worse. As it turned out two weeks later, Johnson carried the very primaries of these narrow Republican gentlemen by a large majority of Republican votes, and appears to have won the Republican United States Senatorship on the 7th of November by the tremendous majority of two hundred thousand. At the same time the National Republican ticket seems to have lost the State.

And the other matter which these Republican gentlemen engineered in San Francisco was so unbelievably dull and stupid that it may seem incredible. But the evidence is in. Mr. Hughes was to be the guest at a business men's luncheon at the Commercial Club. A large number of the waiters of San Francisco were on strike for the right to organize and for a union basis of employment. The waiters of the Commercial Club were publicly reported to have offered to return to serve Mr. Hughes and his party if an offensive placard declaring against their hopes and purposes might be taken down from the lobby of the club while they were at work upon the Hughes luncheon. These same Republican Bourbons who, with their friends, controlled the action of the club as they did the machinery of the party, refused to yield an inch even for the time being, and drafted a force of non-union waiters from some outlying restaurant in the city, Much of this Mr. Hughes did not know until afterward, and none of it did he know until just before he was taken to the luncheon, too late to withdraw without seeming to have done so under conditions of great discourtesy as well as under labor duress. But what shall we say of the political instincts or ordinary horse sense of these Republican gentlemen who thereby lost by their narrow, stupid spirit and blundering acts the city of San Francisco by a large majority, and thus the State and perhaps the Nation?

The idea of these gentlemen clearly was that there was likely to be a landslide back toward Republicanism, and that they could keep their control and rule in the same old spirit in the future as they had in the past. You would think they would know better now. And yet already men of their type in different parts of the country are beginning to say: "No matter, the war will end within the next quadrennium, we shall have hard times, and the country will rush into the arms of our kind in 1920." Blind leaders of the blind, they steer again toward the ditch! Hard times may come, but the Republican party will need more than that to win another National election.

Those great Republican States like California and Washington and Utah and Kansas and Ohio and Minnesota are gone permanently unless a new type of leadership shows itself continuously in the Republicanism of those commonwealths. And Maine and Massachusetts, and particularly New Hampshire, are in the same dangerously parlous condition. They are very near the border line. Give the Wilson Administration four years more to establish itself in the Far West and in the East, with always a solid block

[1] An article on Governor, now Senator-elect, Johnson appears on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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of 149 electoral votes from the South to count upon, and it will be only with the greatest care and breadth of leadership that the Republican party can again attain National prestige and effectiveness.

And it was not simply California. In the great Republican State of Washington, while Mr. Hughes was in the State, Poindexter, the Progressive United States Senator from that commonwealth, was offensively snubbed and pushed out of sight by the Bourbon leaders. Shortly afterward Poindexter won the nomination for United States Senator in the Republican primaries, and in the election the other day was the only important Republican elected in the State, and by a very large majority. In the Governorship and the Presidency the commonwealth of Washington went Democratic.

The great Republican State of Ohio suffered in much the same way by the narrow vision and selfish political individualism of certain of the high Republican candidates for office and certain leaders of the Republican organization. In that State the Republican candidate for Governor, for United States Senator, and for President, all swept down the valley of destruction together.

In Indiana, on the other hand, where the finest spirit and sound judgment were shown by the reconstructed Republican organization under the leadership of a young statesman, Will H. Hays, of Indianapolis, the people responded gladly, and Indiana is probably permanently out of the Democratic column, in which it has been most of the time since the Civil War. The Republican organization was broadened and deepened in every part of the State, and the liberal and tolerant and unselfish leadership carried everything before it. And this in a State where Taggart and Marshall were at the moment everywhere supreme.

It is the last stand of political Bourbonism in the United States. Of course Bourbonism has come to a complete end in the Democratic party. The South is not Bourbon. It is only belated. The Democratic organizations of New York, Illinois, and Indiana were Bourbon, but they are completely unhorsed in Democratic councils by the returns of the election. The second Administration of Woodrow Wilson will be perverted not at all by the activities of the Northern and Western party Bourbon. Whatever factional or sectional mistakes are made will be those of a belated South or of a too eager democratic West.

It is the last stand of Republican Bourbonism. The fallacy in President Wilson's speech to young men at Shadow Lawn during the campaign lay in his supposition that the Republican party was to remain in the control of a reactionary group. No matter which way the election had resulted, that would have been impossible. Hughes elected, impossible. Hughes defeated, equally impossible. And the election returns disclose it.

The problem of the Republican party in the next four years is to win back its own great States in the West. Bourbon politicians may still hold a measure of influence in certain industrial States of the East, but their day is over in the West. Certain great and naturally Republican States of the West the Republican party must have in order ever to win back National prestige and success. And therefore the leadership must be liberal to the core, and be clearly so in every part of the United States. A new spirit and a new strength and purpose will have to be introduced into the Republican organization from one end of the country to the other. For the next four years will probably be the final test of whether the Republican party is to survive as a great party of National, efficient, liberal leadership for the whole people.

The party cleavage in America in the next generation is to be, I think, not at all between reactionaries and liberals. A country of tremendous vitality, we have been growing rapidly in political education and information during the last two decades. The whole country is fast becoming a great liberal country, and no party whose leadership is narrow and selfish and hangs back in the breeching will have a look-in during the coming years of the twentieth century.

The reactionaries in American politics are being eliminated almost as rapidly as the reactionaries in American theology were eliminated during the last generation. Nearly all theologians are liberal theologians now. Very soon nearly all politicians will be liberal politicians. And the cleavage of the two great parties will be, not between reactionaries and radicals, but between a conservative and efficient liberalism, on the one hand, which wishes to advance only as fast as the new policies can be safely assimilated and administered by the American people, and, on the other hand, a radical liberalism which is impatient of delay and wishes to advance at all hazards and without recourse. But the day of the Bourbon is done.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

A BUST BY JO. DAVIDSON. PHOTOGRAPH BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

PRESIDENT WILSON

Mr. Jo. Davidson, the sculptor of this bust, is a native of New York City, but has spent much of his life abroad in the study and practice of his profession. His home in northern France has served recently as a hospital for wounded French soldiers, and Mr. Davidson himself only lately returned from the front. President Wilson gave several personal sittings at the White House to the sculptor for the making of this bust.

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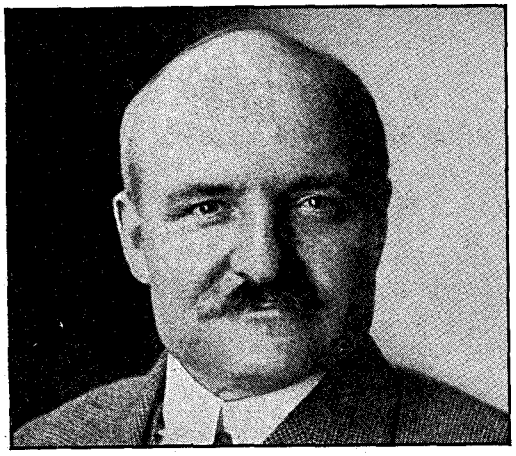
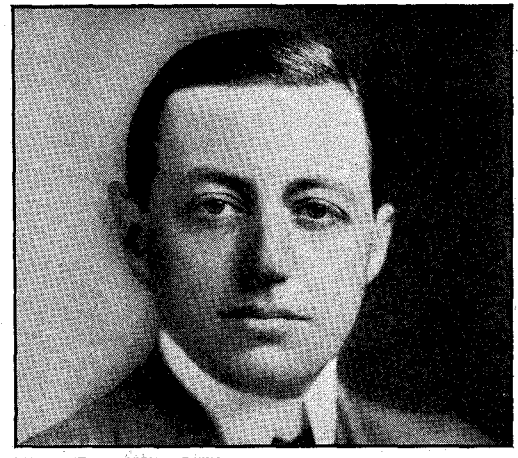


BAIN NEWS SERVICE

WILLIAM M. CALDER, OF NEW YORK

A Republican, formerly a member of Congress from Brooklyn, New York



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PETER GOELET GERRY, OF RHODE ISLAND

A Democrat, elected from the Republican stronghold once represented by Senator Aldrich

BAIN NEWS SERVICE

JOSEPH S. FRELINGHUYSEN, OF NEW JERSEY

The Republican successor of the present Democratic Senator, Mr. Martine

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HARRY S. NEW, OF INDIANA

One of the two Republicans who succeed Senator Kern and the late Senator Shively, Democrats

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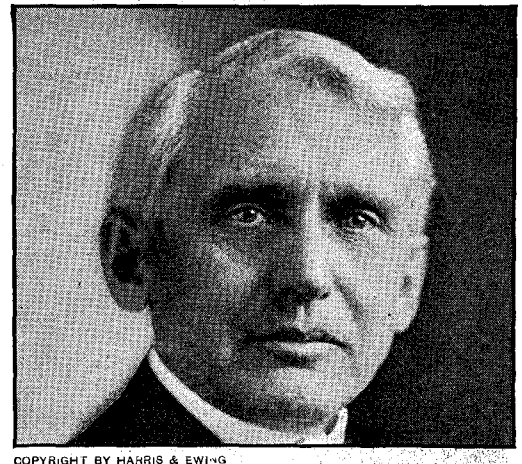
PHILANDER C. KNOX, OF PENNSYLVANIA

Returning to the Senate after an absence, and succeeding a fellow-Republican



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FRANK B. KELLOGG, OF MINNESOTA

Republican, formerly special counsel for the United States, now succeeding the present Republican Senator, Mr. Clapp

SOME OF THE NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS

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BAIN NEWS SERVICE

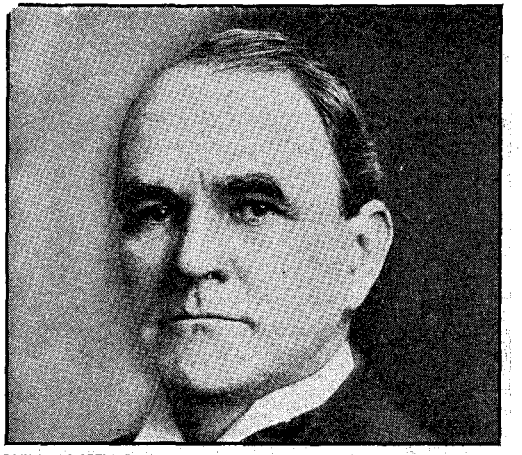
WALTER E. EDGE, OF NEW JERSEY

Republican, author of the New Jersey Workmen's Compensation Law, succeeding Governor Fielder, Democrat

PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

SIDNEY J. CATTS, OF FLORIDA

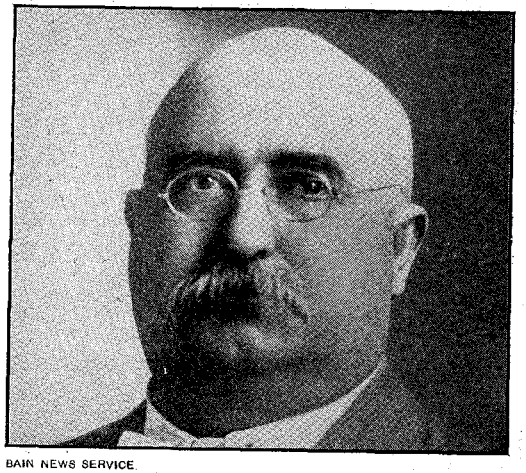
Independent Democrat and Prohibitionist, defeating the regular Democratic nominee in an overwhelmingly Democratic State



BAIN NEWS SERVICE

RICHARD I. MANNING, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Democrat, re-elected, victor in the primaries over ex-Governor Cole Blease



BAIN NEWS SERVICE

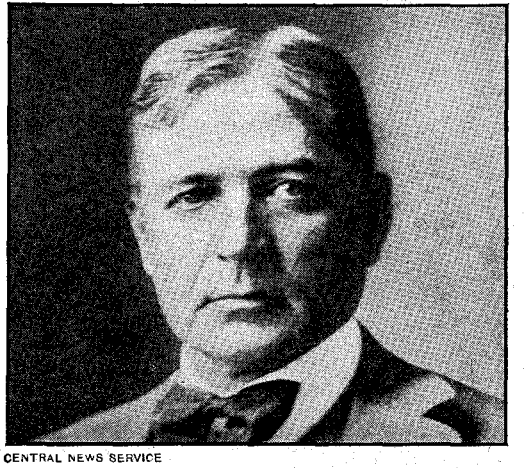
GEORGE W. P. HUNT, OF ARIZONA

Democrat, re-elected, established in reputation by his efforts for prison reform and his maintenance of order during strikes

BAIN NEWS SERVICE

JAMES M. COX, OF OHIO

Democrat, re-elected in a State known as mother of Republican Presidents



CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

FRANK O. LOWDEN, OF ILLINOIS

Republican, with a distinguished record in Congress, succeeding the Democratic Governor, Mr. Dunne

SOME NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

MISS JEANNETTE RANKIN, OF MONTANA, THE FIRST WOMAN ELECTED TO SERVE IN CONGRESS

Miss Rankin is a graduate of the University of Montana and of the School of Philanthropy of New York City. In an interview she is reported to have said: "I am deeply conscious of my responsibility as the first woman to sit in Congress. I will represent not only the women of Montana but also the women of the country"

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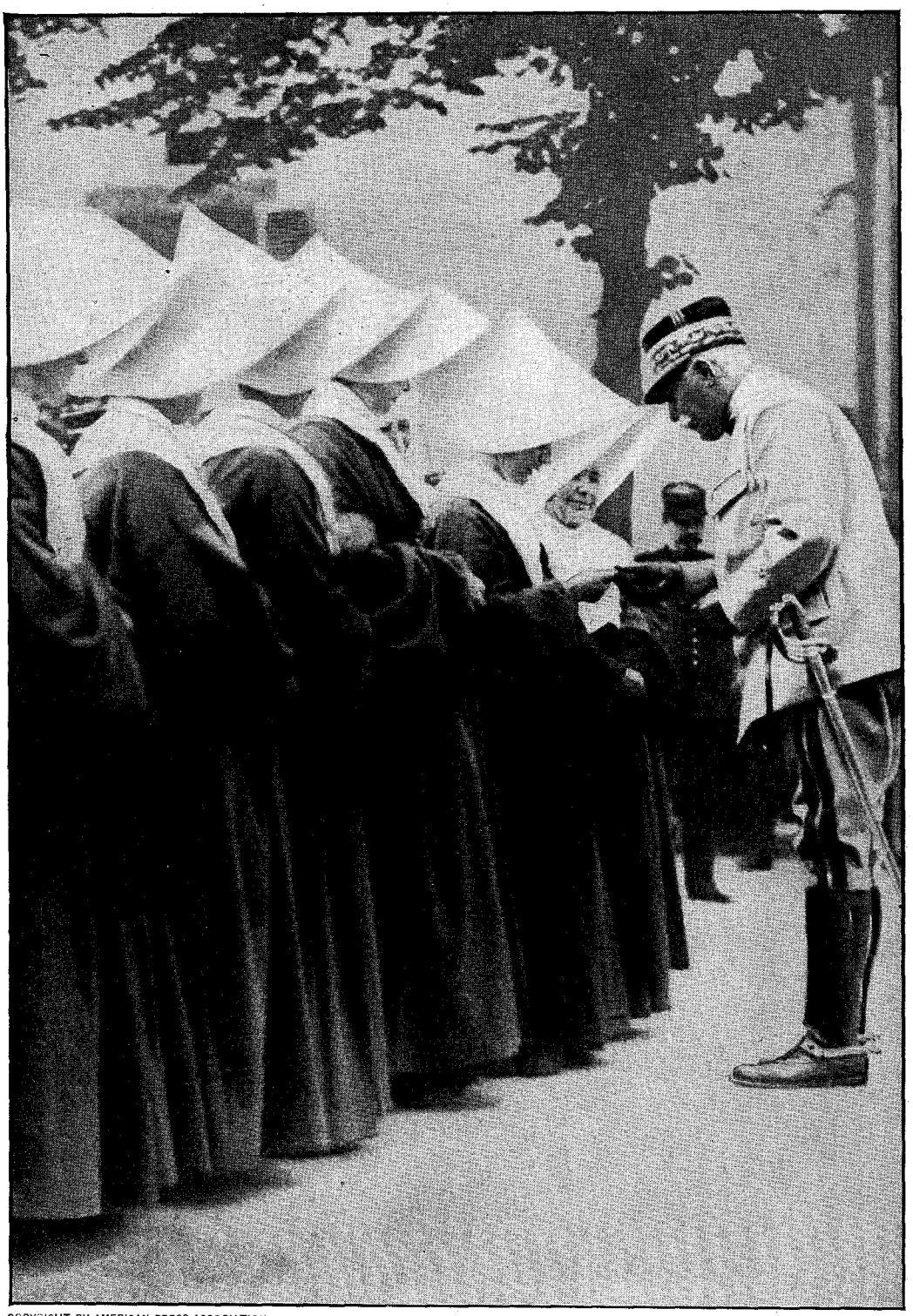

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A FRENCH GENERAL DECORATING SISTERS OF CHARITY

The antagonism of former years between the French authorities and the Church seems to be disappearing in these days, when the heroic service of men and women devoted to religion is winning the highest secular honors, as shown in the above picture

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING

CENTENARIAN NEGROES, BORN IN SLAVERY

The fifty-fourth Reunion Convention, recently held in Washington, brought together many Negroes who were born in slavery. A notable trio of these ex-slaves is shown in the above photograph. They are, with their reputed ages (from left to right), Louis Martin, 100 years old, born in King and Queen County, Virginia; Martha Elizabeth Banks, 104 years old, born in the same county in Virginia; Amy Ware, 103 years old, born in King George County, Virginia

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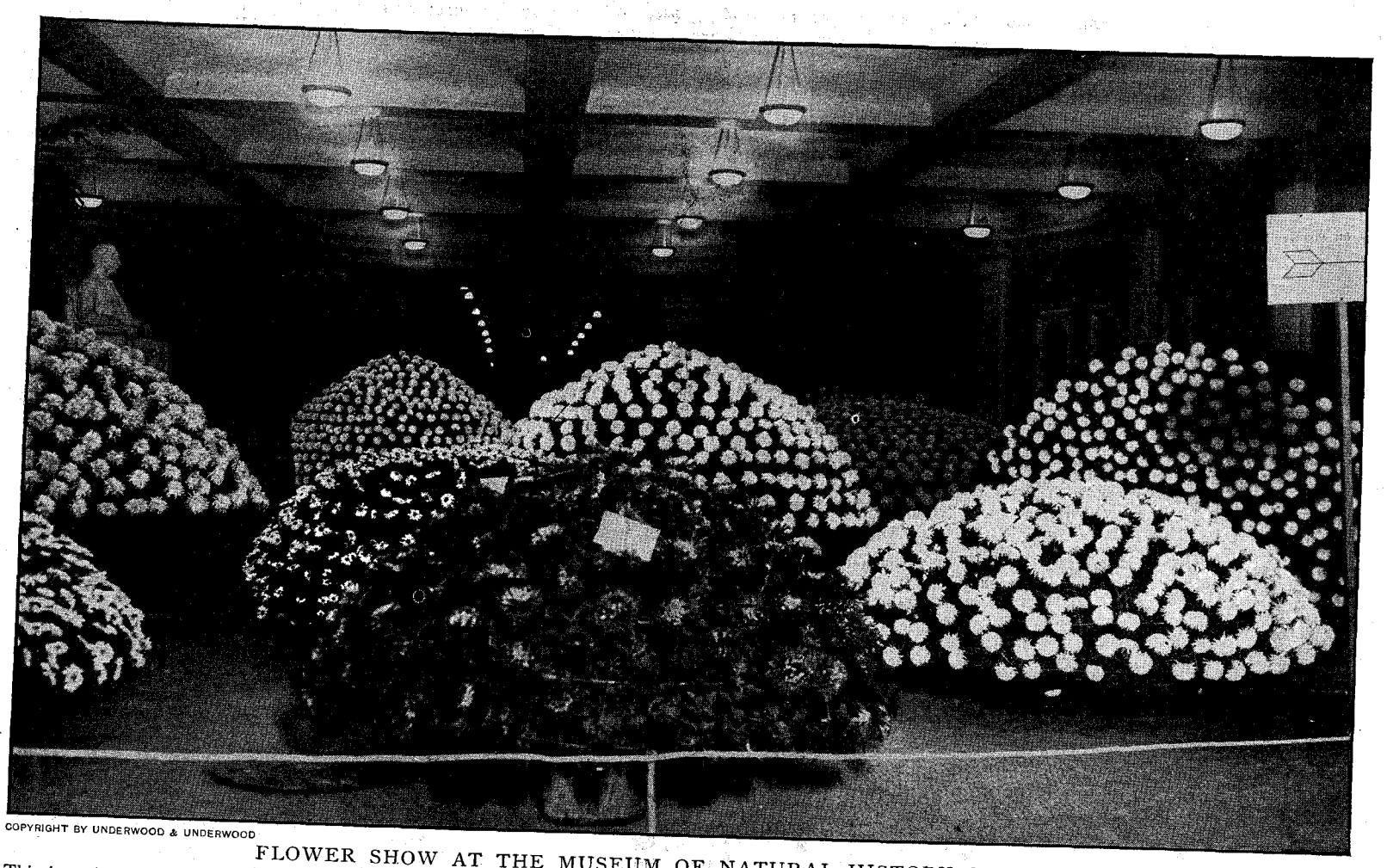

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FLOWER SHOW AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

This is a view of one of those wonderful exhibits of flowers, grown by private owners, which make the ordinary flower grower despair. The exhibition was given under the auspices of the well-known Horticultural Society of New York. See editorial comment on another page

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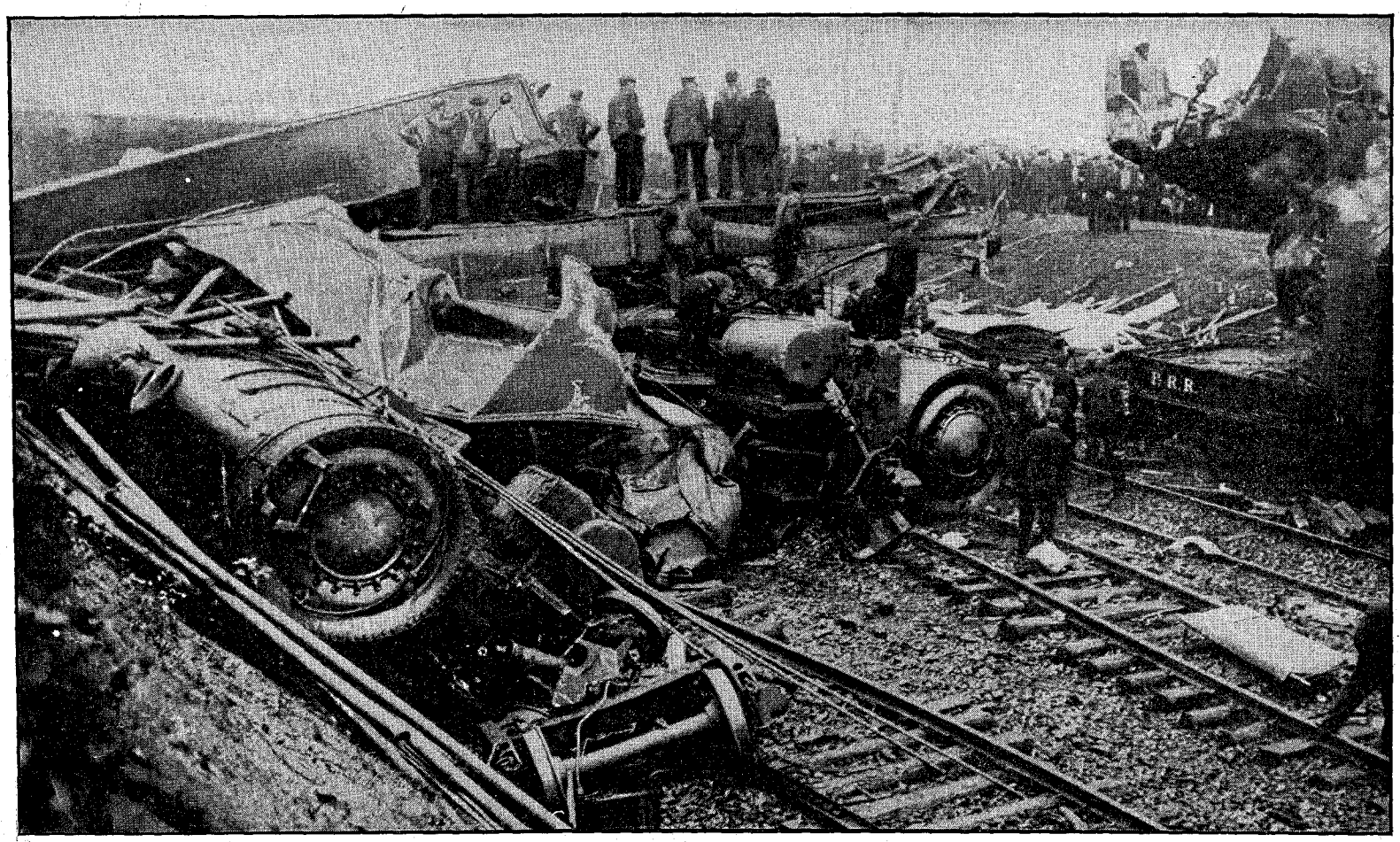

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"ONLY A FREIGHT-CAR WRECK"

The indifference of the public, as reflected in the newspapers, to the loss of life in freight-car-accidents is strikingly illustrated by the meager accounts in the New York dailies of the wreck shown in the above picture. Yet in this accident seven men were killed and several injured, with an estimated property loss of $100,000. Defective air-brakes are given as the cause of the accident, with possibly a too heavy train as a contributing cause. The train, composed of sixty cars loaded with steel and iron billets, got beyond control near Altoona, Pennsylvania, and crashed into four locomotives coupled together. The result was the destruction of five locomotives and forty-seven cars, while the victims were buried beneath the wreckage, which took fire

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A SOCIALISTIC DESPOT IN YUCATAN

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT IN MEXICO

This is the third in the series of Mexican articles by Mr. Mason, who has been investigating conditions in Mexico from Yucatan to the American border. The next article will deal with the monopoly of sisal hemp, the "green gold of Yucatan." Every American who eats bread is affected by this monopoly, for the grain crops of the United States could hardly be harvested without the binder twine which is made from sisal hemp. As a result of the increased price charged by the Yucatan monopoly in 1916 the American farmers paid $4,000,000 more for their binder twine than in 1915.—THE EDITORS.

A LONG band of yellow cutting the equal blue of sea and sky. A thin crust of green along the upper edge of the yellow. Here and there the white speck of a building, and the single warning finger of a lighthouse. That is Yucatan from the steamer anchorage off Progreso.

There is no harbor, no cove to shelter even a catboat, and the anchorage is offshore, across five miles of gently shoaling waters. A feeble thing to stop an ocean liner seems that far-stretched yellow ribbon, so tenuous and low.

Indeed, from the masthead you can see water beyond the bar, but beyond that again is a land as flat and as slaty green as a billiard cloth.

At each of the four long piers which stretch seaward from a group of vast warehouses roofed with the ubiquitous corrugated iron of the tropics lie one or two freight steamers and three or four small schooners, all of less draught than the liner which the shallows hold offshore. On each pier mules are pulling flat cars back and forth on two lines of narrow track. The cars coming from the steamers are empty. Those going down are apparently loaded with bales of a yellow straw, which on closer view looks like coarse and close-packed yellow hair.

Hemp it is, sisal hemp, the product of the henequen plant. Those bales are going to New Orleans and New York to be made into binder twine. With that twine is bound most of the grain crops of the United States. Without the hemp of the henequen plant the American farmers could hardly harvest their wheat. And eighty per cent of the world's henequen comes from Yucatan.

When the little wood-burning locomotive has pulled you across the lakes and marshes back of Progreso, you enter the level slaty-green plain like a vast billiard-table, which you might have seen with glasses from your steamer's masthead. If you are hunting variety of scenery, you might as well go back. From the northwest of Yucatan to the southeast, in a strip from forty to a hundred miles deep back from the coast, the land is all level and all gray-green. The cause of this color is the henequen, which is everywhere in that coastal strip. Above a stump a foot or two from the ground and scaled like a giant pineapple rises a plant which looks like a cluster of swords. Whatever stem there is is hidden by the bases of the formidable leaves, pointing outward in rising whorls. Each leaf is the size of a broadsword and exactly the same shape, except for saw-teeth on each edge and a lance point at the tip. The color is the gray-green of a shark's back seen through a few feet of crystal tropic brine. Growing where little else will grow in the limy soil of that land, and growing there with greater fertility than anywhere else in the world, this spiky plant, whose commercial value was discovered about ninety years ago, did for that land what has been done for others by the discovery of gold. So that's what the natives call it—"the green gold of Yucatan."

This article is not about henequen. But you cannot write about the people of this colorful State without mentioning what is the main economic reason for their existence, their green gold. Most of the chicle for the world's chewing-gum comes from the forests of interior Yucatan, valuable woods grow in the same place, and the coast provides fish and tortoise-shell. Still, what diamonds are to Kimberley and yellow gold to Nome is its own green gold to Yucatan.

Henequen is one of the two main reasons why Yucatan is as different from the other States of Mexico as Ulster is different from the rest of Ireland. The other reason is the Maya Indians.

The original people of Yucatan were the Maya Indians. They may have been the original people of the Western Hemisphere. Some ethnologists even believe that the cradle of the human race was Yucatan. The interior of Yucatan is filled with the cities of the ancient Mayas—most of the buildings half buried and unexplored. But from the few

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A PLANTATION OF HENEQUEN—THE "GREEN GOLD OF YUCATAN"

From henequen comes the sisal hemp used in making the twine with which most of the grain crops of the United States are bound in sheaves

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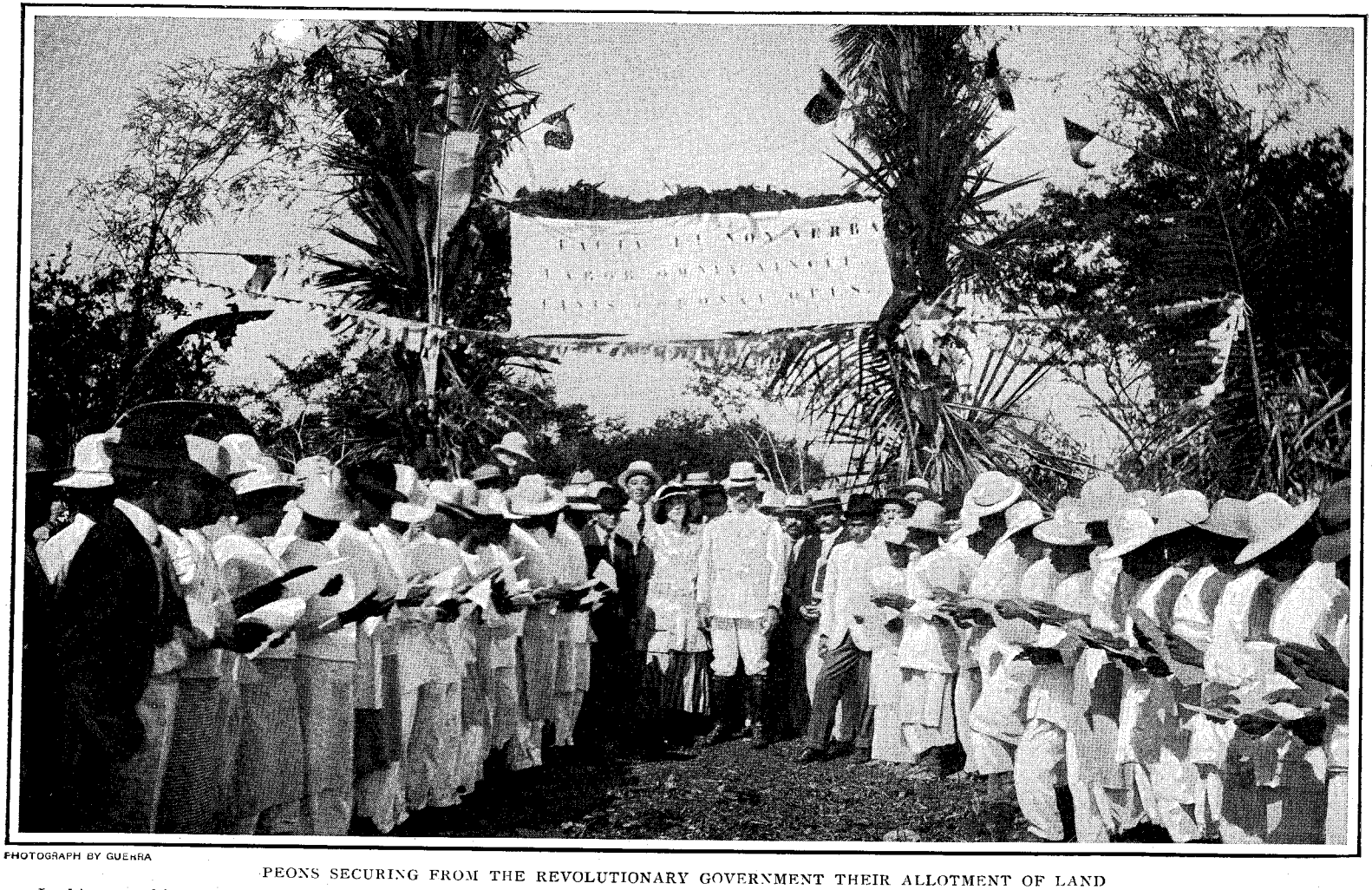

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUERRA

PEONS SECURING FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT THEIR ALLOTMENT OF LAND

In this town thirty peasants received each about fifty acres of land; a similar distribution of homesteads throughout Yucatan is a part of the revolutionary programme

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ruins which have been brought to light from under the refuse of centuries and the growth of the implacable jungle we know that the Maya civilization was high, probably as high as that of ancient Egypt. The beauty of these buildings, their strength, and the intricacy of the carving and inscriptions prove that the ancient Mayas combined a developed sense of the artistic with a knowledge of writing and no mean understanding of tools and engineering.

When, on his fourth and last voyage in 1502, Columbus sighted canoes off the coast of Yucatan, he found them filled with the descendants of those ancient Mayas who had lost the civilization, and indeed nearly all knowledge of the civilization, that had been their forefathers'. To-day the Mayas are the laborers of Yucatan, and they live in one-room houses with wattled sides and thatched roofs, probably similar to those in which their ancestors lived who built the splendid palaces for the Maya priests and governors at Uxmal and Chichen Itza.

They are a people who have seen better days, but they are still the best Indians in Mexico. And the *mestizos* of Yucatan—that is, the people of pretty evenly mixed Indian and Spanish blood—are a better people than the other *mestizos* of Mexico. Of course, in Mexico nearly every native has some Indian blood in him, but a man in whom the aboriginal strain is not stronger than ten or fifteen per cent is accounted "white."

No doubt Yucatan is only a name to many Americans to whom Mexico is a concrete idea. And to many Mexicans Yucatan is only a name. On the other hand, scorn of "Mexico"—as they call all the other States of the country, for they refuse to admit the dependence of Yucatan except for legal purposes—is a sentiment popular with the Yucatecans.

"We are not Mexicans, we are Yucatecans," they will tell you, and they will go on to relate that Mexico has never done a thing for Yucatan, never given the State a *centavo*, while Yucatan has always financed the "mother country."

It is largely true. Two principal sources of Mexican revenue are the oil-fields of the Tampico region and the henequen-fields of Yucatan.

With henequen as its economic basis has been erected the strangest government in the world to-day. It is a government which combines Socialism with despotism. Salvador Alvarado, Governor of Yucatan, is more of a despot than the Czar of Russia or any Oriental potentate, but he has put into practice many of the most radical reforms ever dreamed of by Socialists and social reformers.

Yucatan is used to despots. In the whole history of the State there has been only one Governor whose election was in accord with substantial forms of fairness and legality. But Alvarado is a new kind of despot. No despot in the world's history ever could more justly say, "*L'état, c'est moi*" than Alvarado, and few if any Mexican despots ever had a better right than he to say that the State was good.

Salvador Alvarado was born in the State of Sinaloa, but at an early age moved to the State of Sonora, in northwestern Mexico. He was a merchant in Cananea when Madero launched his revolution. Alvarado, who is a born radical, joined this movement, and when it was frustrated by the assassination of the little idealist with the big dream, Alvarado joined its continuation as taken up by Carranza. His military career on the west coast was fairly successful, and two years ago he was sent to Yucatan to oust Governor Arguemedo. Arguemedo, although originally a Carranzista, took advantage of an attempt of some Yucatecans to gain national independence for their State to put himself into the position of supreme power. Alvarado defeated Arguemedo, and of course, as his reward, was given the Governorship of the State.

Now there is no railway between Yucatan and Mexico City. To go to the capital the ordinary method is to take a steamer from Progreso to Vera Cruz, and thence continue by rail. The entire journey is a matter of three days. Geographically isolated from the man who has appointed him, and with henequen, one of the richest assets of Mexico, at his command, Alvarado has become virtually an independent monarch in Yucatan.

The full story of how he gained and has kept control of the output of henequen will be told in a later article, but it is too long for recital here. Suffice it to say that he has accomplished this by using an organization called the *Comision Reguladora del Mercado de Henequen*, or Commission to Regulate the Trade in Henequen. This was theoretically a volunatry organization of the henequen planters which was intended to control the sale of the output of the entire State, but in practice it never worked well. Alvarado,

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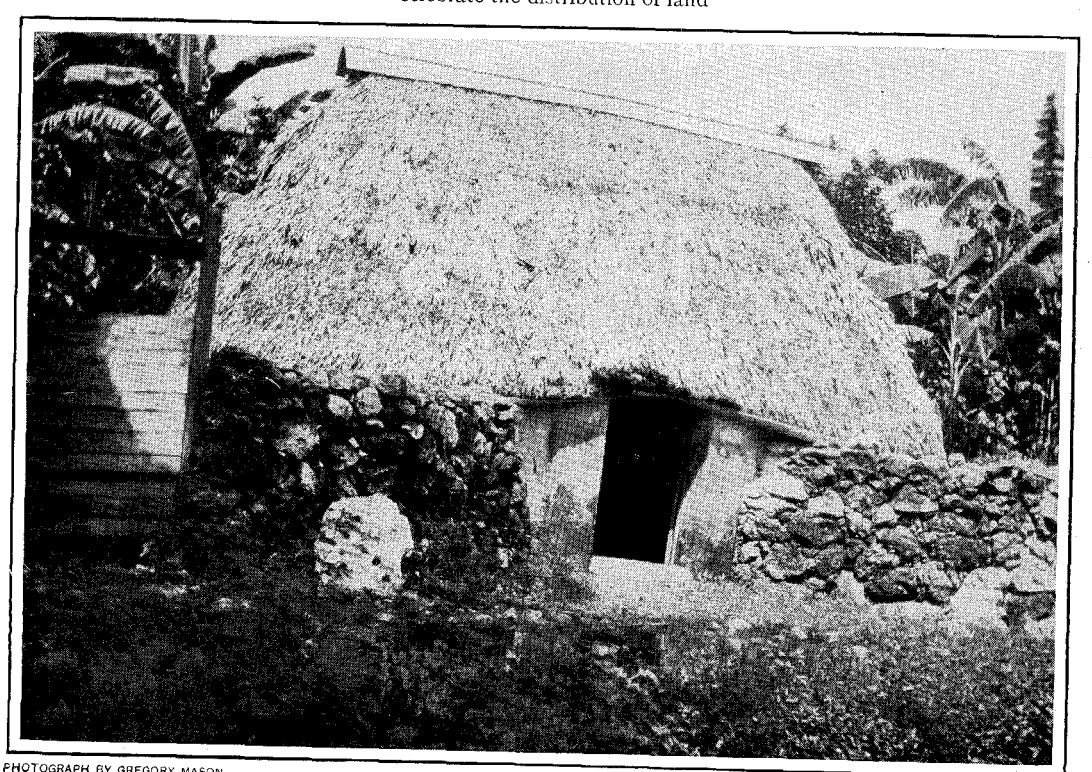
PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY MASON

A "SOCIAL CENTER" IN YUCATAN

The church shown in the picture was used as a fort during the recent revolutionary disturbances; then as a school; it is now used as a hall for banquets and town meetings. The groups of natives have gathered to celebrate the distribution of land



PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY MASON

A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE WITH THATCHED ROOF

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however, has forced every planter to sell his product to the Reguladora, which then determines at what price the hemp shall be sold to the American manufacturers, who make it into binder twine. Of course the commission of leading planters which ostensibly directs the Reguladora, as it is commonly called, is only a stalking-horse for the Governor. By means of this device Alvarado has acquired the money, and therefore the power, to put into effect his ideas of social reform, which constitute one of the most remarkable bodies of political measures ever tried anywhere in the history of the world. With the financial sinews derived from the sale of henequen in the United States Alvarado, who has barred Carranza's national money from the State, has been able to keep his State currency almost at its face value of two to one—that is, two pesos for one American dollar. On the other hand, Carranza's successive issues have dropped almost to worthlessness—a course his latest issue is rapidly following, it would seem, for it is at more than sixty to one as this is written.

To begin with, Alvarado turned his attention to the Church. Yucatan has never been as "religious" as the other States of Mexico. For instance, Merida, a city of eighty thousand and the capital of Yucatan, has never had more than twelve churches, whereas, for instance, Puebla, with a population of ninety-five thousand, has more than sixty churches. But in Yucatan, as in most of Mexico, the Church had become to some degree corrupt and had meddled in politics.

To say this is not to criticise the Catholic Church in general. Placed as that Church is in Mexico, with virtually no competitors and with the great bulk of the people as its adherents, any other church would have been guilty to some degree of the same abuses that have stained the history of the Catholic Church. In an article published recently in The Outlook the Archbishop of Yucatan declared that the Church in that State has not meddled in politics. But such was not the testimony of many fair-minded Yucatecans with whom I talked, themselves Catholics. When Alvarado was advancing through the country in his campaign against Arguemedo, the priests, as the Aztec priests did in ancient wars, openly exhorted the people against the man who was coming to punish the usurper. It was not strange, then, that they were among the first to feel his wrath.

Two years ago there were more than a hundred priests and many nuns in Merida alone. To-day there are five priests and no nuns in the whole State. To-day religious services are held in only four churches in the State, and those are in Merida. Priests, nuns, and Archbishop have fled, and nunneries, convents, monasteries, and churches have been bought or confiscated by the State. As a rule, the Governor paid for these properties, but at that time depreciated Carranza money was the legal tender of the State, and the young social reformer of thirty-six told me with a chuckle how he acquired properties worth three hundred thousand dollars for a few thousand dollars gold.

If some fair-minded observers in Yucatan to-day are shocked at some things the Governor has done to the Church, they are forced to praise what this despot has done in other directions.

In Yucatan there are four hundred henequen ranches. These ranches vary in extent from a few hundred to seven thousand acres, and employ from twenty to several hundred laborers. Each ranch is a separate community, and the *haciendas* are practically the subsidiary governmental divisions of Yucatan. If the peons are to get education, they must get it on the ranch, for to leave the ranch often means a walk of several miles.

Before Alvarado came into power every *hacienda* had its chapel, but only eleven had schools. To-day all the *hacienda* chapels are closed, but every ranch has a public school for the children of the laborers, and the larger ranches often have several schools. Including the town and city schools, there have been founded by Governor Alvarado in the eighteen months that he has been in power no less than eleven hundred public schools. And this by the same man who has closed the churches.

In fact, in the great need of getting buildings and equipment for the schools churches have often been utilized for this purpose. In the same way churches have been used for other practical purposes.

The Governor's favorite hobby is the improvement of the conditions of the lower classes, especially of the laboring classes. He has helped labor to get its just deserts, but he has prevented it from getting more than its fair share of the profits of industry, and for this reason he is as unpopular with some labor leaders as he is with the millionaire henequen planters who are forced to sell their henequen to the State at the State's price. But the common laborer loves Alvarado for what the

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Governor has done for the common laborer. He has put an end to peonage, that form of debt slavery little less injurious to society than chattel slavery. He has established the eight-hour day in all industries. He has established compulsory arbitration for disputes between capital and labor.

Even the bitter enemies of the Governor who are honest and intelligent praise him for establishing prohibition, or "beer temperance," in the State. On many street corners in Merida are buildings labeled *Salón Cerveza* (beer saloon). But since Alvarado came out of the north all drinks stronger than beer have been taboo, and Yucatan society has profited thereby.

No doubt many people in the United States associate disrespect for formal established religion with intemperance and all kinds of immoral traits, and think that in a character in which the first is shown the others must lurk. These people would be surprised if they went to Yucatan. The same Governor who has closed the churches has closed the hard-liquor saloons. In fact, in his judgment of their effect on the character of the people he places the two institutions in the same category.

But explanation is required here. Four churches, one in each of the four principal quarters of the city, are permitted to hold services. And the Governor has promised that these churches will have his protection so long as the attention of their priests is directed solely to "saving souls" and not to directing the affairs of State. A freethinker himself, Alvarado declares that others may think and worship as they please so long as they do not interfere with his government.

The most flagrant injuries which the Church has suffered have been dealt by the people, not by the Governor directly. Still he admits that his preachings were the people's inspiration when, more than a year ago, a meeting of labor unions adjourned to go from church to church tearing idols from their niches, burning those which would burn, and strewing church floors with the fragments of others. Now the average religious image in Mexico is not a work of art. But among those destroyed in this debauch of prejudice were some historical treasures. To deprive civilization of such relics is as unpardonable as the act of the first Spanish Bishop in Yucatan, who destroyed the priceless records of the old Indian civilization. And of course the ultimate effect of such senseless destruction is to hamper honest and intelligent reform.

Indeed, such an effect has already been felt, and many citizens who approve most of Alvarado's acts condemn him for his harshness toward the Church. But in general, aside from this wanton destruction, the average male Yucatecan with whom I talked seemed to feel that the Church got only "what was coming to it." If a priest enters politics, he can at best expect only to exchange the respect which he may command as a spiritual leader for the temporal power of the successful ward boss. And if his party is defeated, he has no right to expect that the fact of his priesthood will save him from the fate meted to all defeated politicians in Mexico.

To-day the churches of Yucatan are being used more materially than spiritually. For instance, in the rural districts the most common use made of them is as schools. In Merida one is used as a club-house by the Masons, who backed the revolution of Carranza and are now enjoying the fruits of victory; another houses a students' club, another is the headquarters of the Bricklayers' Union, a fourth is a storehouse for the alcoholic liquors confiscated in the enforcement of the new temperance law, a fifth has been torn down to make room for a park for the people, while the impressive and lofty Cathedral is filled with canned meats and vegetables imported against a siege which was expected from the Americans during the war scare which followed the fight at Carrizal in June. The Bishop's palace, adjoining the Cathedral, is being renovated and remade into the Palace of Art, where the boys and girls of Merida may study sculpture, music, and painting! And connecting the Palace and the Cathedral an arch has been built, called the Arch of the Revolution, to commemorate the victories of Alvarado and Carranza.

The rationalist, freethinker, or whatever he chooses to call himself—in short, the person who accepts no established religion and who hopes eventually for the abandonment of all churches and fixed creeds, and the substitution of schools and flexible philosophies—will think he has found the millennium if he goes to Merida to-day.

And the surprising thing is that the people are doing very little worrying about the loss of their churches. In Mexico the women have always been the mainstay of the Church, and in Merida most of the complaints against the Governor for his Church policy come from women. It might be thought that the sudden reduction of the number of churches from twelve to four in a city of eighty thousand

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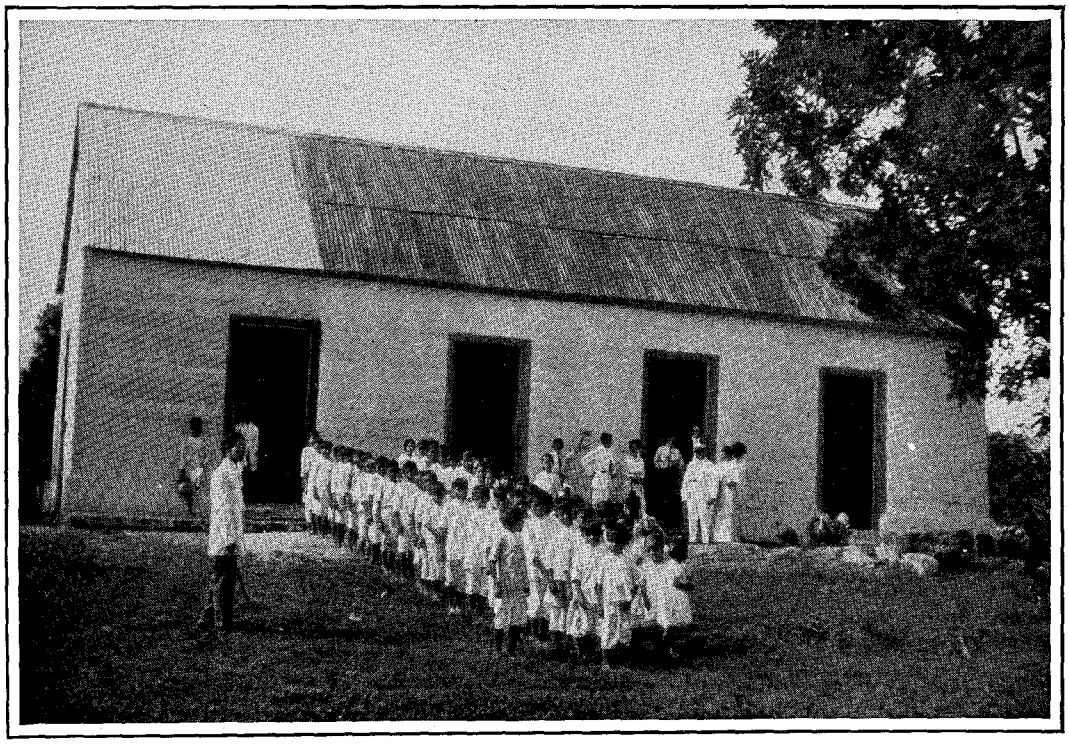
GENERAL SALVADOR ALVARADO, GOVERNOR OF YUCATAN, AT A NATIVE FIESTA
The costumes worn by the women on each side of the Governor are the distinctive dress, called the *hipil*, of the *mestizo* and Indian women. Note the elaborate embroidery



PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY MASON
A PUBLIC SCHOOL ON A HENEQUEN PLANTATION, FOR THE EMPLOYEES' CHILDREN
Several hundred of these schools have been established by Governor Alvarado

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would mean the overcrowding of the four. But I attended all of them, and found only one filled. Certainly the Yucatecans are less "religious" than other Mexicans.

They are less religious in the formal sense of the word. But in the true sense of the word, in its spiritual sense, they are as religious as any class of people in Mexico. They are more serious than the natives of central and northern Mexico, more intelligent, and have more self-respect. They are a people who laugh little, but who smile a great deal.

Indeed, a land of smiles and sunshine is Yucatan. Merida, one of the most beautiful cities of Mexico, is admittedly the cleanest. Its seventy-two miles of asphalt pavement are well washed. The prevailing white and light-blue color scheme of the houses reflects the dazzling sun with a brilliancy which can be viewed serenely only through smoked glasses. The city has an Oriental look, derived partly from the quasi-minarets on some of the churches and public buildings, and partly from the dress of the lower classes. The women wear the *hipil*, a one-piece dress hanging from shoulders to ankles without a girdle, and decorated with beautiful hand embroidery even when the wearer is a chambermaid. Some of the workmen wear around their heads a sort of tight bag, called the *pita*, which falls in a loose fold down their backs, and from the waist to the knees over the white cloth trousers of the country they wear an apron called the *delantare*. Thus attired they look as Egyptian as if they had just stepped from a *bas-relief*.

These people understand the art of living. Few cities have so many happy-looking persons to the thousand as Merida. To look at these Indians of the lower classes in their homes, at work, or on the streets sometimes makes you wonder if our civilization is worth while. A beautiful, shy people they are, temperate, clean, and, by Mexican standards, industrious. Even the traveling salesmen lolling about the *patios* of the hotels seem to have more soul and less paunch than the "drummers" of St. Louis or Pittsburgh.

That the Yucatecans are not cowards their history proves, but, although some of their Indians have been fighting the Government of Mexico for several generations, most of them care little for soldiering. When angry, they think first of their fists, as we Americans do—not, like most Mexicans, of their knives.

In fact, Yucatan is full of contrasts with the rest of Mexico. There is little crime in Yucatan, and most of the men in prison are natives of other States. There are few beggars, almost no starvation, a great deal of prosperity, little dirt, little disease except some tuberculosis and the ever-present but now limited amount of yellow fever. There are few soldiers. The only ones in the State were brought from the north by Alvarado, and it is a fact that in Yucatan there are fewer soldiers than school teachers!

Such is the land where and such the people among whom Salvador Alvaras has been trying to create a Utopia. On the whole, for a human being, he has done mighty well. That he is just according to his lights is indicated by the enemies he has made. His greatest enemies are the millionaire henequen planters whose handsome city homes line both sides of the Paseo de Montejo, the most beautiful street in Mexico east or south of the country's capital. Even under former despots they enjoyed the prerogatives of privileged baronial vassals of the crown, but Alvarado has cut into their profits to improve the lot of the common man and of the State. The Governor also enjoys the hatred of certain labor leaders who, when they found that the wings of the capitalists were being clipped, tried themselves to soar to unwonted heights of power, only to find to their sorrow that there is only one god on Olympus in Yucatan and his name is Alvarado.

The narration of the full list of the Governor's reforms and plans for reform would fill an entire issue of The Outlook. He is planning eventual Government ownership of all public utilities. At present his Government operates two steamers under charter between New Orleans and Progreso, and operates all the railways in the State, allowing the owners dividends up to fourteen per cent of the profits. A huge plant for the manufacture of sacking from sisal hemp is under construction by the Government. With $6,000,000 representing the profits on the sale of henequen over and above each planter's share, a State bank has just been founded which will lend money to the planters.

But Alvarado has shown his keenness by centering his efforts on the removal of the evils which are the principal ills of all Mexico—lack of education by the masses, unfair apportionment of land, and abuses of temporal power by the Church.

We have glanced at his handling of the Church and school problems, and found the first, on the whole, good, although too harsh

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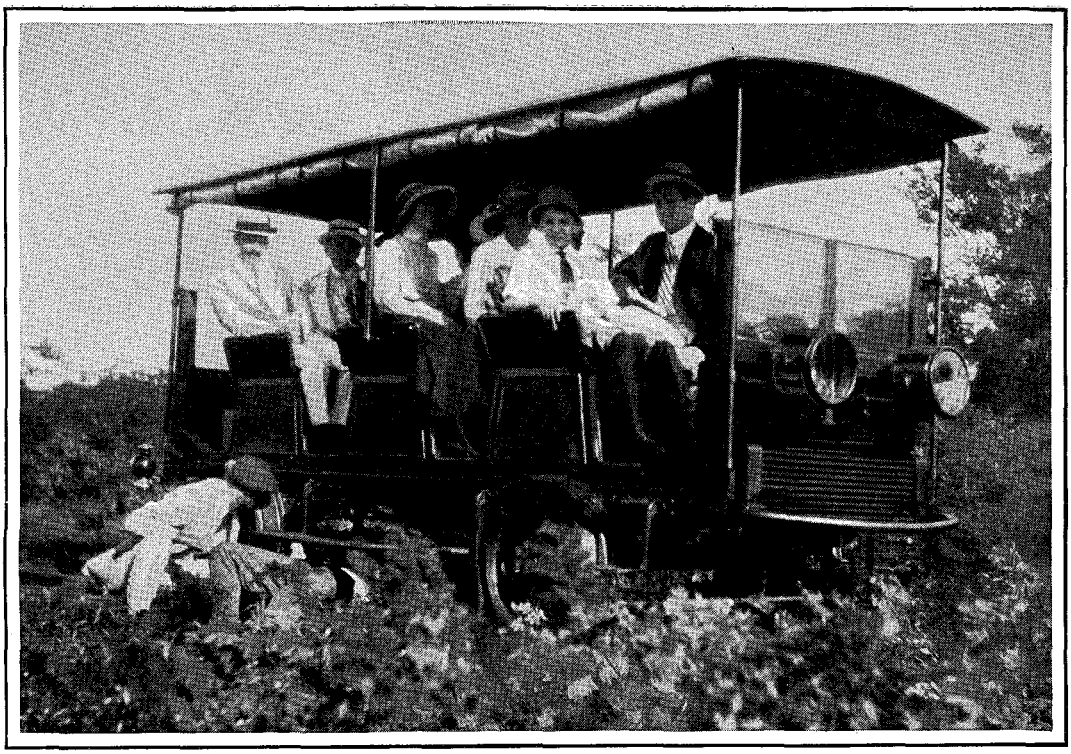

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY MASON

A PRIVATE MOTOR CAR USED BY PLANTERS ON THE RAILWAYS OF YUCATAN

The car is used on the railway tracks instead of on the highways, which are suitable only for mules and burros

at times, and the second entirely good. He has done less to remedy the faults of the land system than to improve the system of education; nevertheless, what he has done with the land is interesting.

Up to the time when I left Yucatan (about the first of October) in five towns the Governor had distributed about three hundred and fifty lots of land of fifty acres each. That is to day, three hundred and fifty landless persons, many of them just freed from peonage, were given fifty acres of land apiece by the Government. This land was all uncultivated; part of it belonged to the Government and part of it belonged to wealthy men from whom it was taken either because they had not cultivated it or because they were "enemies of the cause." Each person receiving such land was required to do a fixed amount of work on it annually. After a certain number of years, if he had done his expected share of development, the land would become his in fee.

Of course to give homesteads to three hundred and fifty people out of the three hundred thousand in the State is a small beginning, still it is a beginning, toward righting the greatest wrong in Mexico—land monopoly.

What sort of man is he who dares to try to establish his conception of Utopia in this seat of ancient civilization where the marks of the impermanency of man and his institutions are on every side? A ferocious man, a hangman, a wineglass-eater, and a lover of gun-play of the common Mexican type, the newcomer to Yucatan is led to believe by some advance reports. But imagine that newcomer's surprise when he finds instead a solid man of medium height, neat but not dapper, with a quick smile never far from his lips and a slow one always in his eyes. Alvarado looks no more like the common fire-eating type of Mexican general than he looks like a bishop. He looks a good deal like the quiet business man that he was before the Madero revolution. He looks more like an inventor or some sort of experimenter in love with his work, for his manner is always animated and his eyes have a peculiar way of resting on you softly, and at the same time apparently looking beyond you at some problem which is reflected on their owner's mind.

Alvarado is an enthusiast, he is an inventor, he is an experimenter, deeply interested in what he is doing. This is why even his

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enemies, if they see him often enough to keep his vision fresh in their minds, have one good word for him. Some of the Governor's enemies living abroad have nothing good to say of him, but every one of his enemies whom I interviewed in Yucatan admitted that he was sincere, and, according to Mexican standards, honest. Alvarado may be putting by a few thousands for himself, they say, but in a country in which the commonest weakness in public officials and the commonest charge against them is dishonesty in financial matters I never heard the charge of serious corruption made against the Governor. What his enemies do say is that he is impulsive, unbalanced, violent, even crazy, and that he is upsetting the established order of society. The last charge against him he admits; in fact, it is his boast. But he is not crazy, unless all radical reformers are crazy, unless Karl Marx and Mazzini were crazy.

In fact, waiving the question of the desirability of the innovations introduced by Alvarado, what I like best about him is his consistency in applying them. For he is the rare example of the public official who performs in office what he promises beforehand. He has convictions and the courage of them in a country in which both these qualities are rare. In a country which is full of fake revolutionists Alvarado is a real revolutionist. And the former are much more dangerous than the latter.

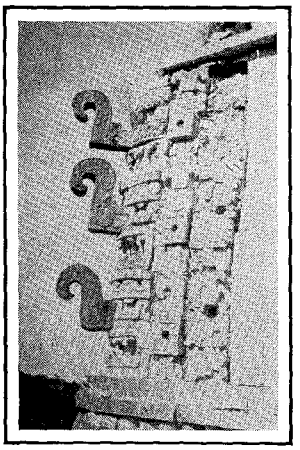
But to take up the question of the merit of Alvarado's public acts, which we just waived momentarily, my conclusion is that his acts, in the main, have done more good than harm. He has gone to unwise extremes sometimes, especially in his treatment of the Church, but, in the last analysis, even his treatment of the Church has resulted in more good than evil. He has done a great deal to improve the condition of labor; he has suppressed crime and maintained order. And even his enemies praise his encouragement of temperance and the establishment of schools. On the whole, he is the best Governor Yucatan ever had, and he is the best public official of great power I have ever met in Mexico.

The question of the right and wrong of the seizure of the henequen monopoly must be reserved for another article. Suffice it to say here that the Yucatecans, in the mass, are better off for the policy which has reduced the profits of some of the wealthy planters and raised the price of binder twine to the American farmers. Alvarado's rule is arbitrary, but is giving Yucatan the only government that can come to Mexicans to-day from within, the only government they understand—a benevolent despotism.

The faults of Alvarado's government are the inherent faults of despotisms. Its virtues are the virtues of well-intended despotisms. Alvarado is a wiser despot than Diaz, for while Diaz developed the agriculture, mines, railways, and material resources of Mexico, he neglected the schools, he neglected to develop human minds. Alvarado has developed both material and human resources. All his work for prohibition, for education, and for other improvement has been financed by funds from the sale of the green gold of Yucatan.

But Alvarado can hardly last. Already his downfall is plotted in Mexico City by bureaucrats who resent his independence. Some day a general will descend on Yucatan with a larger army than Alvarado's, and the quiet man with the smiling brown eyes will go down in the ruins of the Utopia he has been trying to build. For the Yucatecans will not stand by Alvarado. They will not stand by him because they will not stand by themselves; they will not stand by him because the people who have profited by a despotism never stand by the despot in his hour of need. Some Yucatecans say they would prefer American intervention to Alvarado, but if they got it some of them would be disappointed. For such people do not want such justice as would be given them by the administration of a man like General Wood or General Funston. The graft would not be good.

The weakness of Yucatan is the weakness of all Mexico—the inability of a large portion of the people to do anything for themselves, the inability even to know what they want; and, forsooth, in the very temporary strength of the Yucatan Government to-day the world has an object-lesson in the weakness of Mexican government in general.



CORNER OF A RUIN OF THE MAYA CIVILIZATION

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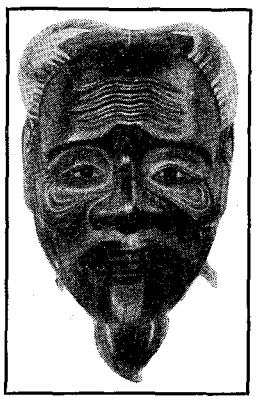
MEDIÆVAL OPERA IN MODERN JAPAN

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

EVERY tourist to Japan does three things: he sits through a geisha dinner, he goes to a native theater, he buys some color prints and some of the porcelain made especially for foreign importation. This trinity of adventures accomplished, he usually plans a book on "The Soul of the Orient;" and to the cultivated Japanese this is a very ungentlemanly procedure. Little does globe-trotting innocence suspect that to the well-born Japanese color prints are crude and vulgar, a substitute for art peculiar to the lowest classes and bearing all the ear-marks of their origin. In our smug acceptance of the geisha as one of the delightful sides of the "naughtiness" of the East we have won for ourselves a dubious reputation abroad. And when the Occidental establishes himself to witness a play (usually unconsciously setting up in himself a spectacle more diverting than the one offered on the stage) he is blissfully ignorant of the fact that he is identifying himself with a form of amusement that a Japanese gentleman would be squeamishly circumspect about indulging in; for the theater in Japan has until very recent years been beyond the pale of respectability, and within the memory of living man actors were counted by the census-takers, not as human beings, but as dogs or live stock. By our failure to make social discriminations in our enjoyment of things Japanese we have won for ourselves in the East a reputation not flattering to our refinement. To judge Japan truly we must study those aspects of its culture that have been fostered by the best intellect and the best blood: the literature, the painting, the old crafts, the elegant accomplishments, such as the floral arts and the tea ceremony (*cha-no-yu*), and the aristocratic pastimes, such as the Japanese opera, or *Nō*.



The *Nō* is the old classical lyric drama, dating in its origins, so say the old chronicles, to the time of the gods. The Sun Goddess, it is related, disgusted at the unseemly pranks of her brother Susano, shut herself up in the rock cave of heaven and left the world in darkness. The gods assembled in their myriads in the dry bed of the River of Heaven (the Milky Way) to devise some scheme to lure the Sun Goddess out of her retirement. As one last expedient, Ame-no-Uzume (the Terrible Female of Heaven), garbing herself fantastically and standing on an inverted wooden tub that gave out a hollow sound when she stamped on it, performed a mimic dance that made the universe shake with the laughter of the myriad gods. The Sun Goddess, curious as to the cause of the boisterous mirth, slid back the door of her cave and peeped forth. A variation of this dance, called the *Kagura*, is performed to this day at Shinto festivals to the sound of fife and drum; and it is in the *Kagura* that we have the origins of the *Nō*. When the dance and music of the *Kagura* were supplemented by words, the Japanese opera was the result. This addition of words was made by the Buddhist priests at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the *Nō* came to be acted with great stateliness and splendor at the great Shinto shrines to propitiate the chief deities. The manager of one of these *Nō* theaters at Nara (the ancient capital) attracted the notice of the ruling Shogun, under whose patronage the *Nō* came to be an accomplishment of the aristocracy.

Very soon the *Nō* obtained an extraordinary vogue. With the sole exception of the Emperor himself, every great personage took part in these performances; a stage was erected within the precincts of the palace; costumes of the costliest were procured. By degrees the practice of this art became a profession, but the aristocracy still have continued to study it assiduously, even down to the present day. And now, in the shadow of the temples, thanks to its preservation by a hereditary caste, it is still not infrequently performed in the old costumes and to the old steps of six hundred years ago; performed before audiences composed almost exclusively of ex-Daimios, or military nobles and their ex-retainers—for to the vulgar the *Nō* is completely unintelligible.

The first time that I went to the *Nō* was in Hiroshima. With the coming of the gentle spring rains that tangled the fine threads of the green willows and sent the cherry petals fluttering like the ghosts of snow-flakes it

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A NŌ THEATER IN HIROSHIMA, JAPAN

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was announced that the great Kago, the dean of the most aristocratic of the hereditary *Nō* schools, was coming down to sing at the Nigitsu shrine. On the day before the performance there was an exhibition of the costumes, the fans, and the masks—in all, one of the most marvelous collections in the whole world. There were perhaps a hundred kimonos, each one a miracle of the weaver's and dyer's art; stiff brocades of faded rose and lemon yellow and fathomless blacks; stuffs in strange greens and incredible blues; silken fabrics in vivid scarlets heavy with dragons of gold: a tropical luxuriance of fadeless hues. Some of the kimonos had been executed by special order of Empresses now dead, wrought by secrets of the weaving craft now lost. One faded and frayed garment had been worn by the great Hideyoshi—that genius who had consolidated mediæval Japan. The fans were of lacquer and gold-leaf, and heavy with brilliant pigments of vermilion and emerald green and powdered gems. Over the masks bent engrossed little synods of horn-spectacled *lieorati*, whose visions were trained to see wonders in the subtlety of modeling and vitality of line to which the uninitiated are blind. Some of these masks had been warmed by the faces of the greatest personages of Japanese history; some were Imperial treasures that all our Western wealth would be powerless to acquire. Devil masks in red and in black lacquer were there, and divinely reposeful whitened faces of Empresses and Buddhist angels, a smiling confidence in the voluptuous fullness of the mouth, but with all the mystery of death lurking in the inscrutable apertures of the eyes. It seems superfluous to say that, like the Greek tragedy, the *Nō* is always played in mask; and the fan is made infinite in its expressiveness, articulating by its pantomime now the flowing of water, now the furling of a sail, now the withering of flowers, now the passage of a bird overhead.

Next morning—a perfect June day—a little before ten there came the ringing of jinrikisha bells at my gate; it was Mr. Fujiwara and his family come to conduct me to the *Nō*. Mrs. Fujiwara in her somber crape kimono, her three smooth little boys upright with philosophic decorum and smiling at me from the wells of their huge black eyes, Mr. Fujiwara with a pile of librettos on his lap; this was the party. With the jolly ringing of the rikisha bells to warn the children who in multitudes had tumbled out into the middle of the narrow streets, we crossed over Kyobashi, on under the two great stone *torii*, to the steps that lead up into the inclosure where the *Nō* theater lies.

A great canopy had been spread out from the stage to protect the audience from the sun, and around the spectators was drawn a huge strip of heavy bunting as a protection from gaping passers-by. Around the entrance idled many servants discoursing on international affairs. Just inside were rows on rows of ticketed clogs, for you must check your shoes before you enter. The play had started, and from within came the shrill call of flutes and the sharp beating of drums and the solemn chant of the actors.

We settled ourselves on the floor in our six-by-six square stall, and it took me some minutes to compose myself—with the five Fujiwaras in this small space. The stage was a square room open on all sides but one, the side of the square being about eighteen feet. The stage was sheltered by a roof built somewhat in the Buddhist style. To the left a gallery about nine feet wide led off to the greenroom. In brilliant emerald green a severely conventionalized pine tree was painted on the beautifully dressed satin-like wood that formed a wall on the back of the stage, the only side not open to the air. The audience sat on three sides of the stage.

Our box was somewhat towards the back, directly in front of the stage; but the whole theater was a stage to me, and the audience was not less a part of the spectacle than the actors in their gorgeous brocades. Apparently the élite of Hiroshima had turned out in families to see the *Nō*. The men of each family sedately followed the text of the play in ancient-looking volumes. The children, comfortably tucked up like sleepy kittens, when not intent upon the devouring interests of their own small persons, studied the actors—and the strange, "outlandish" foreigner too—with fixed eyes and preoccupied detachment. The wives and grandmothers, when not watching the play, sought what diversion they could, either in sipping tea, or smoking their miniature pipes, or exchanging confidences among themselves in smothered whispers. Squat little theater-maids glided silently among the boxes, furnishing little charcoal braziers and small trays of tea to all newcomers, and offering a variety of spiced rice wrapped in seaweed, and raw fish, and boiled bamboo shoots, and fried eels to whoever cared to eat. I had just settled myself

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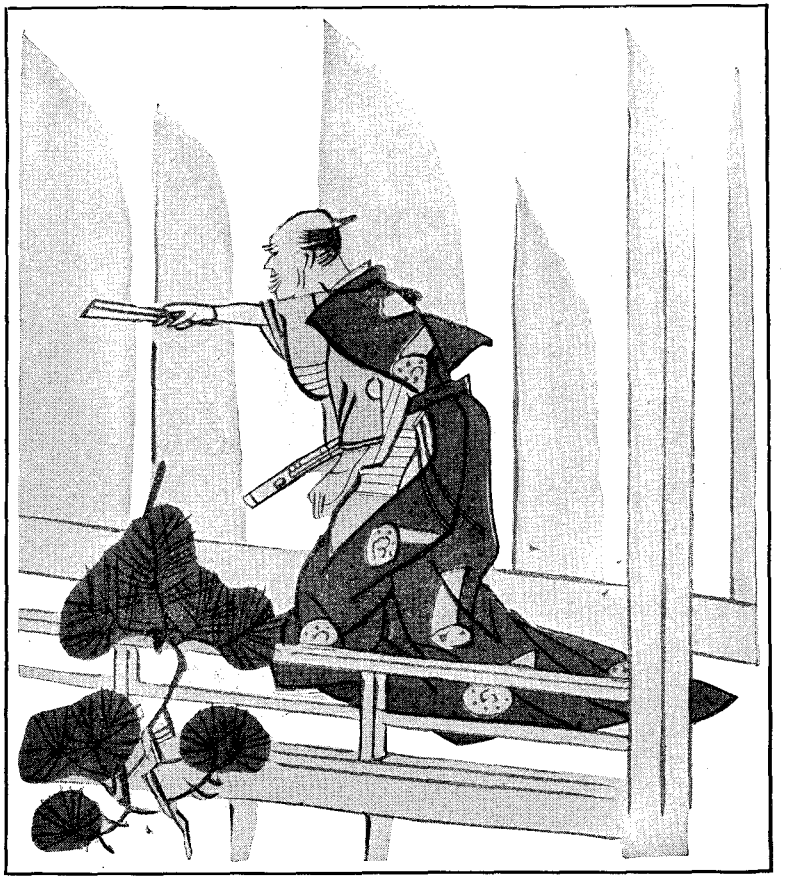
SCENE FROM A KYOGEN

The *Kyogen* is a comic interlude which offsets the serious performance



ENTRANCE OF A NŌ ACTOR ALONG THE GALLERY TO THE STAGE

The actor, it may be seen, is already engrossed in his part

A JAPANESE ARTIST'S SKETCHES AT THE OPERA

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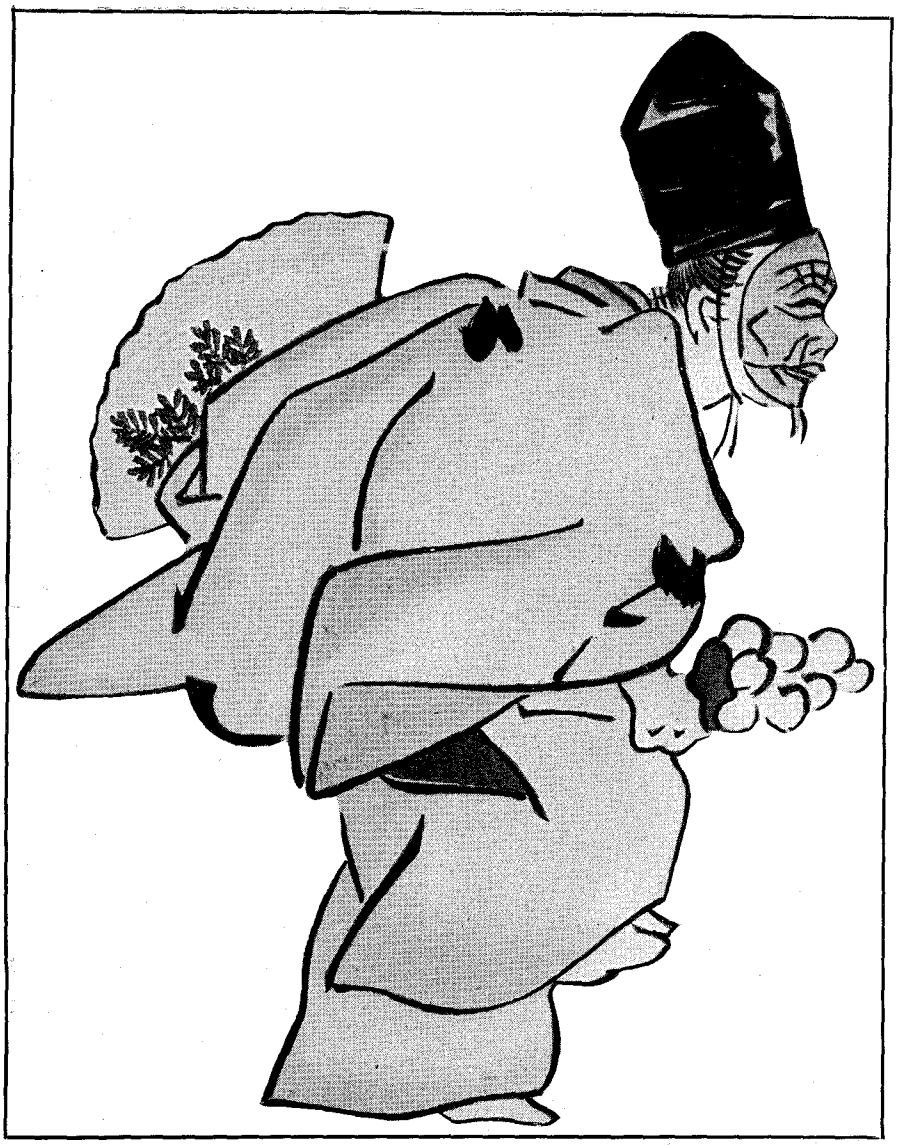

A NŌ ACTOR

to study the actors when the first play came to an end.

In his staccato English—and under the smiling elaboration of his wife, a woman who had lived in the West—Mr. Fujiwara explained to me that between each *Nō*, to relieve the tension, is given a broad farce, a *Kyogen*, or "mad words." These *Kyogen* are very different from the *Nō* in that there is neither chorus nor dancing, and the dialogue is in the unadorned colloquial of the time. The *Kyogen*, it would seem, are slight enough, as a comic interlude should be. A well-to-do small landholder desires to indulge in philanthropy and sends out word that he will give employment to the unfit. Three wags appear, the first pretending to be blind, the second halt, and the third dumb. These three are made retainers of the small landholder, who goes away, intrusting his belongings to this trio of rogues. In the absence of the master these three break into the wines, and, having imbibed freely, begin to dance and sing. The master returns unexpectedly, and the piece closes with his apoplectic rage. The audience roared with laughter at plays upon words that are utterly lost to a foreigner, and over bits of Oriental waggery that I failed to grasp.

The next piece was a *Nō*—"Aoinoueni"—

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THE CHORUS IN A NŌ PLAY

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with Kago himself, a well-known actor, in the chief rôle. From a curious little square opening in the back of the stage emerged three men with strange small lacquer drums tied with vermilion tassels; these were followed by another man with a bamboo flute and a chorus of six others, all of whom squatted on the right side of the stage and for a space talked quietly among themselves.

There was a long plaintive minor note from the flute, and the audience grew immediately hushed. The square brocade before the greenroom raised itself like a door swung on magic hinges from above, and out along the gallery leading to the stage with slow processional glide moved the figure of a feudal lord. The chorus broke into a frenzy of curiously syncopated yelps, and the sharp, hard tap of the drums fell in complex rhythm. In deep Gregorian-like chant the actor declaimed to the chorus, who answered back in severely melodic litanies. Again the greenroom door swung quivering up, and in a kimono of more gorgeous fabric than any other I have ever seen, his face hidden behind a mask of the most poignant sorrow, and with incomparable deliberate refinement in every stately movement, Kago, the Lady Aoi, slid slowly along the gallery and out onto the stage. The chorus wailed in *largo* monotones.

The mother of Lady Aoi is sick unto death, and with anguish too deep for tears she entreats her lord for leave to travel only this time to her home to see her mother's ashes to the grave. But her lord is stern. He takes her out into all the ravishment of spring, out among the wind-herded cherry petals, and with deepest sorrow he explains that even as the unsubstantial flowers, so transitory is mortal life, and grief even at one's mother's death is a thing silently to be borne and accepted unmoved, as all the other sorrows of this sad and fleeting world. There was no action, and, except for a geometrical cherry tree wheeled out by an attendant in the middle of the piece, no scenery. I did not understand ten words during the forty minutes through which the performance lasted. Yet the miracle of the gorgeous costuming, the weird incantations of the chorus, the noble dignity of the slowly shifting postures of the actors, the rich, vibrant quality of Kago's voice, the strange, inhuman, baffling beauty of the masks—all of these combined to make this piece moving to the intensest degree. Kago is now an old man, and the constant quiver of his hands worked only to heighten the impression of the grief-stricken despair of Lady Aoi.

The greenroom curtain rose; that greenroom curtain fell. *Nō* followed *Kyogen*, *Kyogen* followed *Nō*. Pale empresses and the spirits of murdered warriors, devils in hideous masks and with hair scarlet like the maples of November, ghosts of dead lovers, and fiend-haunted spiders, and monsters from the deep, came and went with all the mysterious inevitableness of a dream. And, with that disregard of realism so common in our phantom life, an arbor-like structure was wheeled in to represent a hut, a few rough laths did service for a ship, and sticks were placed across the stage to represent streams and mountains; now an attendant in the middle of the play would come forward to aid a dancer to emerge, chrysalis-like, from a somber surcoat into a butterfly robe, or else to hold a little black curtain between the audience and a supposed corpse while the latter removed itself. Warriors swayed and turned and tossed their sleeves and stamped occasionally on the hard floor, which gave out a hollow answer to the beating of the drums. Devils swirled in mad and grotesque contortions, the drums beat wildly, the chorus yelped in leaping frenzied *crescendoes*, the shrill flute shrieked above the clamor and the din.

It was three o'clock. The day had grown hot, and a sleepy buzz was blown to us from the city that lay across the river beyond. I had been squatting in our cramped box for five hours—and the performance was not nearly at an end. My legs tingled in their numb stiffness and my eyes were heavy and tired. I struggled heroically with an irresistible desire cavernously to yawn.

"Do you know," whispered Mrs. Fujiwara to me, with a delicate whimsicality that eludes the printed word, "the first time that I heard grand opera in the West, it was in New York. I heard—Melba, is it?—in—I have forgot the name of the piece. But I was a silly girl, and whenever she sang I wanted to giggle. I knew, of course, that this would be disgracefully improper, so I sat as serious as a Buddha—and with such success that after the first hour I began to get dangerously sleepy. Come! If you are not tired, your first grandmother was the Sun Goddess. Let us go home and discuss if those poets are not provincial who say that music is a universal language."

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HOW "UNPREPAREDNESS" UNDID ST. ALBANS

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER OF CIVIL WAR HISTORY THAT HAS ITS TIMELY LESSON FOR THE NATION TO-DAY

BY ROLAND FRANKLYN ANDREWS

Fifty-two years ago last month a determined band of Confederates invaded Vermont and captured the town of St. Albans, which rested content in fancied security because it was far from the zone of war. The lesson which that town received makes a striking parallel for the enlightenment of our country to-day, which has fancied itself secure from harm in its isolation from the great world war. The Nation to-day as little dreams of an attack as St. Albans did in 1864; but it may well heed the lesson strikingly enforced by the following graphic narrative of the "St. Albans Raid."

IT happened only six months before Lee surrendered at Appomattox; it had been dreamed of as one of a series of great deeds which should give back life to the dear, dying Confederacy; but, as the cards of war fell, it was the single dash of the Southern riders into the real North. It was the exploit of a troop of mad boys; it failed utterly of its larger purpose; it had no immediate military significance; and it came to an inglorious end in the courts of the civil law. But for a time it made heroes and bandits of its actors; it set men and women risking the gallows to save the military honor of the South; it startled the ponderous departments of the British Empire; and it frightened thirteen hundred miles of Northern border to an extent which required many a regiment for its allaying. It had more human drama than many a far greater engagement. Comedy grinned at tragedy, and brave endeavor rode perilously close to sordid offense. For of such were the boy soldiers of the Confederacy.

On the 19th of October, 1864, twenty yelling young men in butternut and gray appeared as if by magic in the peaceful little border village square of St. Albans, Vermont. They cut the horses loose from farm wagons and sprang upon their backs; they herded dazed citizens at the muzzles of revolvers; they dashed into banks and dashed out again with the banks' money bulging from their pockets, and one terrified cashier left locked in his own vault; they smashed their flasks of Greek fire against the sides of buildings, until the town seemed about to meet its end in flame; and then, with a laugh and a whoop, they rode away in a sputtering fusillade from every weapon the aroused townsfolk could turn against them.

Earlier in the war there had been alarm in the States along the Northern border at the prospects of a Confederate descent from Canada. Seward went into long correspondence with Earl Russell and Lord Lyons concerning Confederate activity in Canada, and as early as 1863 Governor Smith, of Vermont, demanded five thousand muskets, horses for a battery, and authority to raise troops to station at Burlington and St. Albans to resist invasion. This provoked sharp protest from Russell and caused assurance from Seward that no such "unfriendly demonstration" would be made. Smith got neither muskets nor authority. They came very rapidly and without objection from Lord John *after* the raid, when a border regiment of cavalry was hurriedly recruited and sent to join the battalions of the Invalid Corps in staving off such unknown perils of the future as might come over the Canadian line.

C. C. Clay and Thompson, the Confederate commissioners, were in Canada, and Clay and Thompson had ideas of what might be done if only the hardships of the struggle could be brought home to the North. Clay, in particular, was sure that, with the infliction of a few "terrors," the North peace-at-any-price party would make itself felt in no uncertain way.

The man who first suggested the raid and who carried it through to its end was a tall Kentucky boy, Bennett H. Young. Young was a strange combination of blithe Southern recklessness and Puritanic severity. He had been with Morgan on the ill-starred ride into Ohio, and when Morgan was hard

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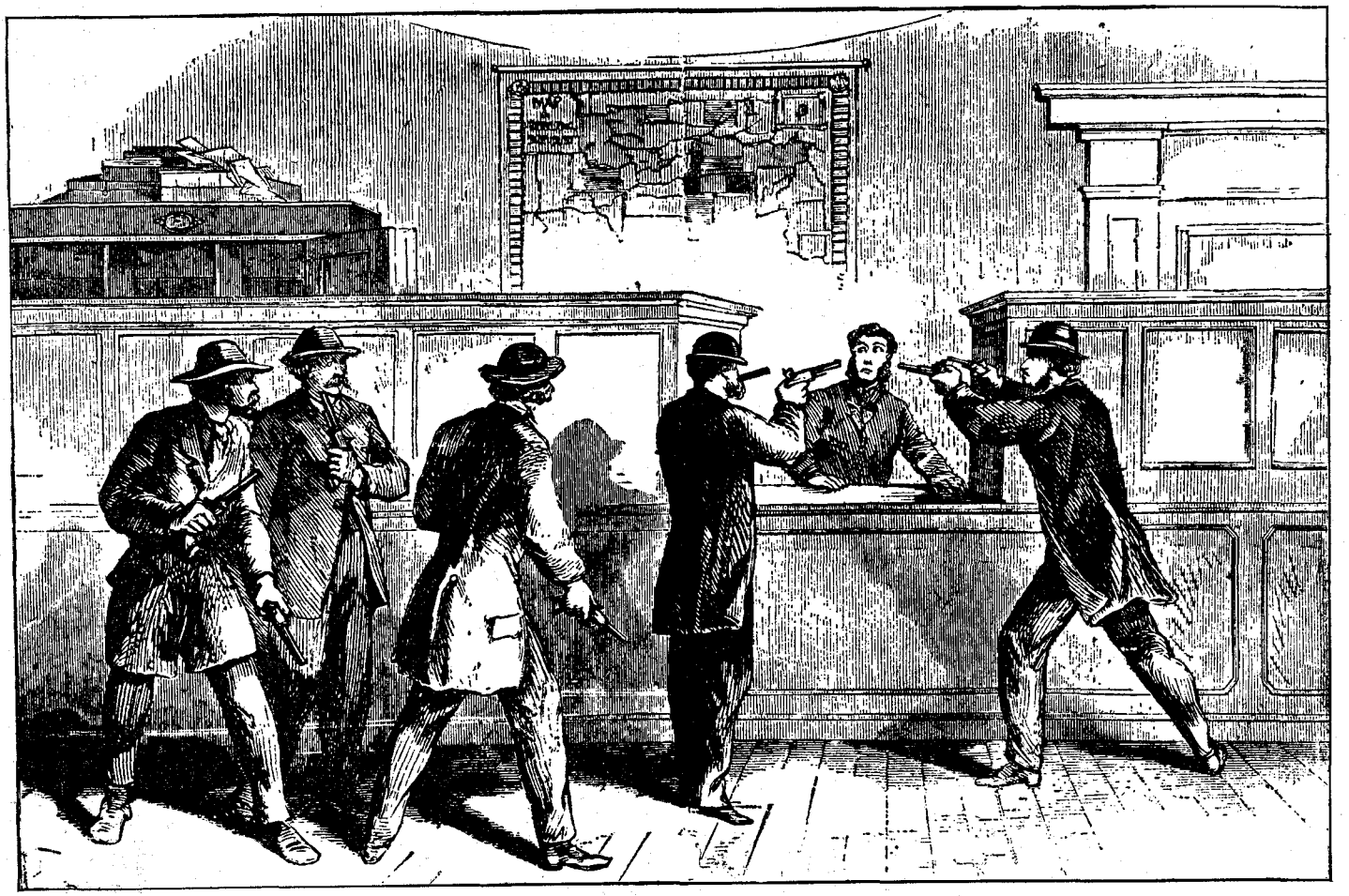

FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NOVEMBER 12, 1864

THE CONFEDERATE RAIDERS HOLDING UP THE CASHIER OF THE ST. ALBANS BANK

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pressed he had gone to him with a suggestion to swim his men and horses across the swollen river.

"I should lose half my command if I tried that," objected Morgan.

"You'll lose it all if you don't," returned Young. "Which is better?"

And, Morgan having surrendered, Young had gone along to prison with him, subsequently finding himself transferred to Camp Douglas, from which he made his escape.

Reaching Canada, Young had thrown himself into all the activities of the Confederates swarming there. He had played a prominent part in the attempt to release the Douglas prisoners on the day when the Chicago Democratic Convention was nominating McClellan, and he had commanded the little group who attempted a similar delivery at Camp Chase. But what most convinced Clay of his unflinching nerve was his exploit in walking into Buffalo with $25,000 in greenbacks for John Yates Beall, when the Northern Secret Service men were closing in on that desperate contriver to send him to the scaffold, and when more than one Southern operator in Canada had flatly refused the mission. Young was only twenty-one. He was Fayette County bred, and he had been one of Morgan's hardest-riding troopers, but he hated liquor, tobacco, and profanity.

Young was arrogantly confident of the success of his St. Albans plan. He had seen raw Ohio militia run before nothing more formidable than the "rebel yell" of Morgan's men; he had found it simple to elude the vigilance of the military and detective guards on his various trips back and forth across the line; and he had seen much of the disaffected population which made up the Vallandigham faction of Ohio. He was contemptuous of the Yankees and all their works. Given Chenault's regiment, he was sure he could ride through all New England and "take it home" with him. He did not find it hard to convince Clay.

There is reason for believing that another partner to the St. Albans scheme was no less a personage than Jefferson Davis, for at Richmond, where Clay sent Young by way of the Bermudas and a blockade-runner, he had several consultations with the Confederacy's President. However, the boy's mind was filled with schemes for taking Buffalo, Chicago, Milwaukee, a hundred different places along the frontier. He poured them all into the Presidential ear, some of them to be received with a smile and some with serious consideration. Young talked, too, with Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, and of Seddon's connivance there is no doubt, for, after running the blockade again, Young came back to Canada with a commission and an order over the Secretary's signature to collect Confederate soldiers in Canada and to "execute such enterprises as may be intrusted to you."

At eleven o'clock one night, in a bedroom of St. Lawrence Hall, Clay, having read the order, drew a valise from under the bed, counted out $1,000 in United States currency, and told Young to "go ahead." Later, he issued to him a memorandum in which the suggestion for a raid on "towns in Vermont, commencing with St. Albans," was approved and authorized.

In the subsequent court preceedings this memorandum, which played an important part, was attacked by counsel for the United States as a forgery or as a document prepared especially for the court emergency, but Clay later admitted its authenticity.

Young's recruiting was swift. He enlisted nineteen men. Some he found in Montreal, but Clay's orders were positive that these must be taken over the line into the enemy's territory before they were formally enlisted. Perhaps these orders were obeyed, and perhaps they were not. Certainly some of the raiders made the descent on St. Albans from Canadian territory. Other recruits Young secured in Chicago, Columbus, and Detroit.

These were the boys who, with Young as their head, set out upon what they called "the Vairmount Yankee scare party:" Squire Turner Teavis, William T. Teavis, Alamanda Bruce, Marcus Spurr, Charles Swager, Joseph McGorty, William H. Hutchinson, George Scott, Caleb Wallace, James Doty, Samuel Gregg, Dudley Moore, Samuel Lacky, Thomas Collins, John McInnis, Charles Higbie, Lewis Price, Daniel Butterworth, and John E. Moss.

Several of the boys had been in Morgan's command. McGorty and Higbie were the ancients of the lot, for McGorty, a fighting Irishman, was thirty-eight, and Higbie even older. With the intolerance of youth for age, Young, who attributed the failure at Camp Douglas to "gray-haired wisdom," hesitated at taking this pair, but McGorty was an old fellow-campaigner who had hurried up from Danville, Kentucky, because he had heard that Benny Young was at it again, and Higbie was finally accepted because of his lively record as a member of Quantrell's

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partisans. Of the rest there was not a man over twenty-three.

Young's plan of campaign was simple. His men were to make their way to St. Albans as best they could in groups of not more than three. They were to register at various hotels, and in their encounters with townspeople they were to pass themselves off as prospective horse-buyers, English tourists, or invalids in search of rest. They were to be particularly careful not to speak in the Southern drawl, and, above all things, the members of different groups were not to appear to recognize each other. They were to arrive not later than noon of October 18, and they were to remain in the vicinity of their hotels until they received word of an assembling-place from Young.

Each man was given two heavy navy revolvers, and each was ordered to provide himself with a Confederate uniform. Young was liberal with Clay's money for this purpose, but it is doubtful if the uniform was anything like complete. Uniforms were scarce in the Confederate armies, and money with real purchasing power was scarcer still. It is highly improbable that all of Young's excited boy recruits were sufficiently impressed with the formalities of the situation to part with cash for mere clothing even when they could obtain it. There are old men in St. Albans who insist that there was not a vestige of a uniform among the yelling raiders who galloped through Main Street; but Young, always a bit of a dandy in his soldiering, provided himself in Montreal with a handsome new outfit of gray; McGorty exhibited to the clerk at his hotel a rusty suit of butternut, which, he declared, was a trophy taken from a "reb" prisoner; and Higbie, a moment before the action started, pinned to his hat a long black plume, which, he said, had belonged to Quantrell. It is probable, too, that most of the others were at least partially uniformed. The question of clothing afterwards played an important part in the court proceedings.

Three times Young, who had some skill as a topographer and who was a natural woodsman, traveled over the road from the Canadian border to St. Albans. It was on these visits that he established his reputation as a theological student, for he read his Bible so rigorously at the American House that some of the elderly lady boarders considered the propriety of asking him to supply the pulpit at the Congregational church. Once he took with him Collins, the daredevil, who had brought his contingent up from the South through New York, and who had shown the conductor of his train a gray jacket, which he declared he intended to wear when he captured Vermont. St. Albans, then a village of about four thousand, clustered about a square or "green." Its three banks—the St. Albans, the Franklin County, and the First National—stood on Main Street within a space of one hundred yards. Conveniently near were livery stables, where Hutchinson had discovered mounts in plenty. Moreover, there were sure to be some farm-horses hitched about the "green." An effort by Collins to borrow arms for "hunting" had shown that the town possessed few. Young made a polite call at the residence of ex-Governor Smith, where he secured the privilege of inspecting the horses in the first citizen's stables. They could be made into "serviceable cavalry chargers," he said.

Collins was hilarious. The "green," he pointed out, would make an ideal prison in which the whole Yankee population could be herded while the raid was on, if only one Confederate could be spared to guard them. Young, a cooler tactician, glanced down Lake Street, where were located the machine shops of the railway, employing several hundred men. "We'll use more than one guard," he said. "I shouldn't like to have the news get down to these fellows too soon."

On October 18 Young once more appeared at the American House. Fifteen of his men soon also appeared. One of the men announced himself to the proprietor of the St. Albans House as Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Richmond, Virginia. His companion, he said, was his valet. They thought him very amusing at the hotel. The rest of Young's command arrived next mornng. It does not appear that St. Albans noticed anything peculiar in the arrival of twenty boyish strangers, each of whom carried a satchel of a uniform type slung over his shoulder. It was in these that their wearers planned to carry away the dollars from the banks; but how could St. Albans associate a war a thousand miles away with twenty satchels? The boys wandered about the streets, joked with the merchants, and paid particular attention to such farm-wagons as were driven in.

Still unsuspected, the raiders ate their dinners at their various hotels. At 2:30 they made their way in small groups to Young's

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FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NOVEMBER 12, 1864

THE RAIDERS COMPELLING THE BANK OFFICIALS TO TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE CONFEDERACY

room in the American. Young they found on his knees in prayer. To the tall Kentucky youth, clad in his new gray uniform, his cause was blessed and the forthcoming outbreak as momentous as a pitched battle. To the others, however, the adventure was still something of a school-boy lark. They laughed and boasted.

"You see," laughed Collins, holding up his instructions to command the raiding party at the St. Albans Bank, "the Yankees buy their soldiers for a thousand dollars apiece. If we can get a million from these banks, we'll be killing a whole Yankee brigade. Here's where we turn paymaster for Marse Robert."

Each man buckled on his revolvers and each jammed his pockets with four-ounce bottles of Greek fire. This was a liquid compound of phosphorus, which the Confederate agents in the North fondly believed would blaze and set fire to anything it touched the instant it was exposed to air.

Down the stairs, Young at their head, went the troop. Collins stopped for a moment to smash the bottle of his Greek fire in the hotel wash-room. "So they'll learn how to fry chicken before I come again," he laughed. They filed out on the hotel veranda. Because of a drizzling rain there were only a few townsfolk in sight. Young's men were fingering their navy sixes nervously. More alive now to the danger of their case, they wanted the stimulation of action.

"I take possession of this town in the name of the Confederate States of America," thundered Young, with fine oratorical effect.

A lone citizen, passing through the square, looked up curiously and passed on. From somewhere in the hotel came a laugh.

Higbie, with Quantrell's plume nodding in his hat, gave the shrill rebel yell. "Come on, boys!" he called. And the raid was on.

For the next twenty minutes events happened rapidly. Scott, Swager, and Lacky, with their pistols drawn, took up positions to guard the square. Higbie and Gregg led a detachment to the livery stable, whence McInnis presently came galloping, leading a fine little Morgan mare. "Here's your Yankee hobby-horse, cap'n," he cried to Young, and the leader, with only a halter for control, vaulted upon the animal's back. Others were busy smashing their Greek fire against the sides of the wooden buildings, where it made a prodigious smoke and sputter. Collins, followed by Spurr, Will Teavis, and Price, made for the St. Albans Bank.

The bank's doors were closed against the fall chill. Its occupants had heard nothing

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of the uproar. Cyrus N. Bishop, the teller, sat by a window counting bank notes. Martin Seymour, a clerk, was in a rear room. Collins and Teavis strode to the counter. Bishop stepped up smiling with a readiness for business. The next instant he was looking into the muzzle of two revolvers.

"Don't apologize," grinned Collins. "We're Confederate soldiers."

"What?" gasped Bishop.

"Confederates," returned Collins. "Did you ever hear of Bull Run and be damned to you? We're going to make your town look like the Shenandoah. Get into that back room."

Collins stood guard over the two bankers while the other three rummaged the bank. The bills which Bishop had been counting they swept into their valises, but in their nervous haste they quite missed a drawer under the counter which contained $9,000. Price dragged from the vault a number of canvas bags, which Spurr slit open with his bowie-knife. A stream of silver dollars poured out. In bulk the coins made a heavy weight. Price, with his satchel partly filled, kicked a bag aside. "It's too heavy to carry down to Marse Robert," he cried, and the silver was abandoned.

Samuel Breck, a merchant, came whistling up the steps. In his hands he carried $393. His note fell due that day and Breck was glad that he had the money to pay. Teavis, with a courteous bow, unlocked and opened the door for him. Then he presented his pistol at Breck's head. "I'll take that money," he said. Breck was marched into the rear room. So was Morris Roach, a boy who came in with $210 to deposit for his employer, Joseph Weeks. He too was sent to join the party in the rear, where Bishop, only half convinced that his visitors were Confederates and not bandits, was sputtering with wrath.

"If you're what you pretend to be," he expostulated, "you'll let me inventory that property. If this is war, I want to make a claim upon the Government—"

"Damn your Government!" snapped Collins. "Hold up your hands. Now you tell us where that gold is."

But Bishop, with his fighting blood up, was stubborn. He wouldn't tell, even though Spurr threatened him with a bullet. And Collins was too pressed for time to make a search. He backed his prisoners against the wall, and with his pistol leveled forced them to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government, supplemented by a further oath that they would not report for two hours the presence of Confederate soldiers in the bank. There were sounds of firing in the street. Collins and his men ran out, taking with them some $83,000 of the bank's funds, but leaving behind $50,000 in gold and United States bonds, which Bishop's stubbornness had saved.

Hutchinson, who wore civilian dress, was less direct in conducting affairs at the Franklin County Bank. He strolled in alone, clinking a handful of gold pieces and asking the price of gold. Marcus W. Beardsley, the cashier, glanced up from counting his depositors' money to find Butterworth leveling a shaky revolver at his head.

"Good God!" said the cashier, softly. He explained afterwards that he supposed the man with the weapon a lunatic.

Hutchinson repeated the formula: "We are Confederate soldiers. There are a hundred of us. We're going to take your money and burn your town."

At the word "Confederate" Clark, a sawyer, leaped for the door with a yell. Moore thrust a pistol into his face and Clark subsided.

"We want all your greenbacks, bills, and property of every description," went on Hutchinson. "Don't try to resist. Go get it, boys."

Butterworth, Moore, and Moss ransacked the space behind the counter. Their search was hurried, but their satchels received $76,000, mostly in the bank's own bills. Beardsley and Clark stood white-faced before the stove, while Hutchinson, brandishing his weapons, regaled them with tales of Northern forays on Southern soil. "They rob women and children," he declared. "They bayonet old men. They robbed me of $50,000 in Georgia. So now," he concluded, "you get into that vault—quick. We'll put you where you won't make trouble."

Clark screamed. "It's murder," protested Beardsley. "That vault is air-tight, and if you burn the town—"

"Get in," stormed Hutchinson, and, though the two men protested that they would give no alarm, they were thrown into the vault and the door slammed after them. Twenty minutes later they were released, just in time to see the raiders galloping out of town.

The party that entered the First National Bank underwent a more interesting experience, for here was encountered a real fight-

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ing man. Wallace, who led the way with Doty, Bruce, and McGorty at his heels, found only Albert Sowles, the cashier, and General John Nason, a deaf veteran of ninety, who had commanded the Vermont levies in the *habitant* uprising, and who continued the placid reading of his paper throughout the ensuing disturbance. To Sowles, behind the counter, Wallace presented his pistol with the words: "You're my prisoner. If you try any resistance, I'll shoot you dead." Bruce also drew a revolver, which Sowles subsequently testified was "a foot and a half long." McGorty, vaulting the counter, threw open the safe, from which he tossed bank bills, Treasury notes, and United States bonds. Doty and Bruce stuffed their satchels.

Among McGorty's finds were five canvas bags.

"What's in them?" he demanded.

"Cents," answered Sowles.

"You're a liar."

And McGorty slashed at a canvas-covered bag with his bowie. Copper pennies streamed out. McGorty in disgust turned away from the bags. One of them was filled with gold.

Wallace, alarmed at firing outside, called his men away when their pockets and satchels were filled to the extent of nearly ten thousand dollars, but when there was still much plunder within their reach. As they left there appeared the fighting man in the person of one William H. Blaisdell. He ran into the bank, where Beardsley stood in the midst of wreck and confusion.

"What's going on?" panted Blaisdell.

"They've robbed the bank," replied Beardsley. "They say they're rebs."

Blaisdell made for the door. There he came face to face with Wallace, one revolver in his hand, but coming back for the other, which he had left behind. Blaisdell was most certainly not afraid of a gun. With a blow he knocked Wallace down the steps. Then he sprang upon him, and in a grapple the two rolled across the sidewalk.

"Shoot him, shoot him!" yelled Wallace, and "Shoot him!" yelled Bruce, who dared not fire for fear of hitting his friend.

McGorty, running up, placed his pistol against Blaisdell's head, and Blaisdell gave it up. The four hurried him across to the square, where Scott and his crew were herding a badly scared citizenship. Old General Nason, who had gone to the door, tottered back to his newspaper. As he passed Sowles he inquired, "Who were those gentlemen?"

While the affairs of the banks were in progress there had been plenty of excitement along the main street of the village and in the square. Young, on his Morgan mare, was riding up and down with a pistol in either hand, still shouting his declaration of possession in the name of the Confederacy and commanding his men to use more Greek fire. There was a fusillade of pistol shots, most of which the raiders fired in the air, partly because it added to the state of terrorism, and partly because the mere racket appealed to them. The foraging parties were running back from the banks with their satchels full of money, and there was a deal of shouting, shooting, bottle-smashing, and clatter of horses' hoofs. Young galloped toward Field's livery stable, where Higbie was cutting bridles with his long knife. Field, rushing from his little office, shouted a protest, whereat Young let loose with both revolvers. Field always thereafter insisted that a bullet tore through his hat. George Shepherd, of Highgate, driving into town behind his pair, was stopped in front of the Franklin County Bank by Hutchinson and Butterworth, who cut the traces and leaped on the animals' backs. Leonard Bingham, seeing Young's back turned, ran toward him with a picket hastily stripped from a fence, but Young wheeled, and Bingham dived into Wheeler's store. As he plunged through the door a spent ball struck him in the side.

During all this—and the time elapsing was less than is required for its relation—the townsfolk under guard in the square were still unable to believe the disturbance due to a Confederate invasion. They were like the passengers of the Titanic in believing themselves far remote from the danger which really faced them. They thought of bandits and they thought of jokes, but the only real things which entered their understanding were the revolver shots and the rising smoke from the sizzling Greek fire. As for the rest of St. Albans's inhabitants, they were of a mind with Léandre Cross—they came strolling from their homes to see what had caused the "celebration." Among these was Collins H. Huntington, an old resident, who had acquired that position of importance which comes with moderate wealth and profound respectability in New England towns. All St. Albans had long deferred to Mr. Huntington. He stepped by the American House smiling approval on the jollification. Young, dismounting and holding his horse,

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seized his shoulder with an order to "get over there with those other Yankees."

In offended dignity, Huntington turned to confront a stranger. It was not his habit to tolerate such address by strangers. He continued his way.

"Get over there or I'll shoot," snapped Young.

Huntington reckoned the stranger an offensive drunken man.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," he said, severely.

Young fired. Huntington staggered from a bullet which glanced off a rib. With a cry, he lurched across to the waiting group, which eased him to the ground. His wound was trifling, but long after he bore the distinction as one of the only two men shot in the historic "storming of St. Albans."

Somewhere in the mêlée the smiling Collins had lost his hat. "I can't go home without a hat," he told Young, reining his captured farm-horse beside his commander.

"Then get one," commanded Young.

"I will," laughed Collins, and, with McGorty on foot racing by his side, he spurred out of the ruck, looking for a store where "some quartermaster kept Yankee hats." McGorty stopped to commandeer a horse owned by a French Canadian named Bavin, but Collins, despite the fact that McGorty had his hands full with the outraged horse-owner, pressed forward. Upon the head of one George Nettleton, a clerk, who stood talking with Edward Fairchild, he saw a hat which pleased his fancy.

"I want that hat in the name of the Confederate States of America," he flourished.

"Don't stand his nonsense," counseled Fairchild.

"I won't," agreed Nettleton.

"Then I'll drill you," promised Collins, and Nettleton joined the list of those who had looked into the raider's revolver. Collins got the hat. He rode back to McGorty, now in possession of the horse.

Young, too, was feeling the need of more equipment. He wanted spurs. Fuller, another liveryman, having returned to his stable to find his horses gone and his foreman in a state of terror, came running out in righteous indignation. The first man he encountered was Young, and from him Young ordered spurs. Fuller's answer was to spring behind a post and draw his revolver. He fired pointblank at Young, but the pistol only snapped.

Young laughed. "Now will you get me

FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NOVEMBER 12, 1864

THE RAIDERS FIRING A BRIDGE TO PREVENT PURSUIT

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those spurs?" he asked. Fuller sprang into the doorway of Bedard's harness shop, from the rear of which he emerged frantically working at his revolver and yelling alarm. He was joined by Elias J. Morrison, a contractor, who was erecting a summer hotel. The two hurried back to the street. Fuller, with a fresh cartridge under the hammer, leveled his revolver again.

"Look out, cap'n!" screamed Higbie.

Young whirled. As he did so three shots rang out. The courts were never after able to determine who fired, but in all probability Higbie and Lacky were two of the men. Fuller went scampering down the street, but Morrison sank with his hand on the door of Beattie's millinery store. A bullet had gone through his abdomen. A day later he died, the one victim of the misguided attempt to aid the army of Virginia by scaring Vermont.

The town was thoroughly alarmed now, and so was Young. Other men besides Fuller were using revolvers. The Greek fire was not performing its work of panic and destruction. Against an aroused countryside Young's handful, even with its semblance of discipline, was nothing. With Higbie at his side, the tall Kentucky boy galloped about, rallying his men. "Are we all met?" he called. "Are we all met?"

Near the southern extremity of the square he encountered the one adequate Vermonter of the hour. This was George P. Conger, captain in a Green Mountain cavalry regiment, home on leave, and hurrying unarmed toward the sound of the firing. In each the other instantly recognized something which called for respect and action.

"Are you a soldier?" questioned Young, with a revolver at Conger's head.

"I am," replied Conger.

"Then you are my prisoner," pronounced the Kentuckian, giving his name and rank. But, most unfortunately for himself, he turned the prisoner over to Higbie, and the prisoner got away. Darting into the American House, he rushed from the rear door into Lake Street, shouting at the dazed populace: "It's a regular raid. Bring out your guns and fight." One, Downing, handed him a rifle. Back sped the cavalryman to the front, where Young was forming his men for the dash to Canada. Three times he snapped his rifle at the leader, and three times the revolvers of Young and Higbie blazed in reply, but Conger escaped unscathed. Then, with a yell and a splutter of hoofs, the retreat began.

As the yelling crew went careering up the street, Wilder Gilson came panting to Conger's side, rifle in hand. Dropping on one knee, he took careful aim and fired. Higbie got it. The bullet went through his side. He reeled in his saddle, and would have fallen but for Collins and Lacky, who supported him. How that old Missouri guerrilla, desperately wounded, was taken safely to Quebec, where he subsequently arrived and where he made a complete recovery, is one of the mysteries of the mad ride.

The Confederates made good speed to the North, but Conger was no laggard in pursuing them. He commandeered horses from protesting farmers with as little ceremony as Young himself. Hardly had the last gray four disappeared when Conger's motley posse—fifty Vermonters armed with everything from shotguns to old horse pistols—was galloping on the trail. Young, riding in the rear and urging on his command, made straight for Shelburne, where he hoped to rifle another bank and use what remained of his Greek fire. Shelburne escaped, largely because Conger's fifty were unpleasantly close, but the Southerners did start one more conflagration before they left American soil.

On the bridge crossing the creek near Shelburne they met a farmer driving a wagon. Collins's mount was jaded and panting. Throwing himself to the ground, he promptly cut the traces of the farm-horse and leaped upon its back. Bruce meanwhile fired the wagon. Off they went, the farmer sprawling against the bridge-rail in mute amazement. He was still staring after his assailants when Conger's party came thundering up. The farmer desired to encounter no more riding parties of madmen. With a wild yell, he started for the woods. Conger's men didn't recognize the farmer, but they did recognize the lathered horse standing by the bridge. With all their ordnance they opened on the yelling agriculturist, who only sped the faster. Luckily, the Vermonters were not used to shooting from horseback. The farmer plunged into a swamp and was saved.

The raiders kept on. They went over the Canadian line with their horses practically foundered, but once in the Dominion they felt perfectly secure; indeed, some of the gayer spirits were for camping there in order to deride their pursuers when they came up. Young, however, had other views.

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FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NOVEMBER 12, 1864

THE FINAL SCENE—ARREST OF TWO OF THE RAIDERS AND RECOVERY OF MONEY AT STANBRIDGE, CANADA EAST, BY CITIZENS OF ST. ALBANS, ASSISTED BY BRITISH AUTHORITIES

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"Scatter," he commanded. "Get out of your uniforms and into civilian clothes. Meet in Montreal. We have struck a blow that the Yankees will remember, and we'll strike another before long."

Wildly hilarious at their success, they scattered. They knew there was money for Marse Robert, and in their youthful enthusiasm they believed they had accomplished a feat to make the whole Northern Government totter. Besides, they were in Canada and safe.

But Conger was not a man to concern himself too greatly with boundary lines. Back in St. Albans there was a fury of excitement. The telegraph operator, during the firing, had sent out a despatch that "a regiment of rebels" were plundering the banks, burning the whole town, and shooting down citizens right and left. At Burlington the alarm bells were rung, and five hundred men left for St. Albans by special train. By another special from the capital the Governor rushed forward all available companies of the invalid corps. Albany and New York summoned the militia. The War Department at Washington wired hither and thither, ordering troops to the border. Young's twenty boys were making history for a few minutes.

Meanwhile, Conger arrived at the line. By this time it was dark. Conger's troops had notions of law and neutrality. A non-military body, it had no great taste for a battle in the darkness on the Queen's soil. But there was no denying Conger.

"I want you," he said, "to follow me into Canada. We have got to have another fight."

Twenty-two of his men followed him. The rest went back to St. Albans. Conger pressed on, in immediate expectation of an ambush, but by this time Young's party had dispersed in small groups. As a matter of fact, all but one of the fourteen apprehended were taken by Canadian officers. Conger, however, did not lack for official indorsement of his course. Next morning there was forwarded to him by Colonel Redfield Proctor a despatch from General Dix which read: "Send all efficient force you have and try to find marauders, who came in from Canada. Put a discreet officer in charge. In case they are not found on our side of the line, pursue into Canada if necessary and destroy them."

That despatch afterward took some explaining, but Dix at that time resembled Conger in his disregard of geographical divisions. He had, it will be remembered, a particularly ardent form of expressing himself about the American flag.

Secure in the confidence which they reposed in the British Neutrality Act, the Confederates were easily captured. The Dominion authorities were stirred into prompt action. Whitman, a Canadian justice of the peace, arrested Bruce and Spurr, whom he found asleep in a tavern at Stanbridge, with $21,395 in their satchels. He also arrested Collins and Lacky, who had $44,679. Doty and McGorty, who were found snoring in a barn at Dunham, had $13,525. Scott, picked up at Farnham, had $2,851; his first act was to demand protection as a "Confederate subject." Moore, taken at Waterloo, had $950. Hutchinson, who got through to Montreal before he was apprehended, had $10,000. Squire Teavis, Swager, Wallace, and Gregg were arrested near Phillipsburg. Conger's only capture was Young himself, and, although Conger was not permitted to retain his prisoner long, he made the period of captivity interesting.

Young spent the night alone beside a little fire in the woods. Morning found him cold, wet, and hungry. A passing farmer told him that five of his men had been arrested at Phillipsburg. With the idea of exhibiting his Confederate commission, and thereby securing their release, Young started for Phillipsburg, but first he made his way to a farm-house in search of breakfast. He was busily engaged with ham and eggs when Conger and his men rushed in. Young's revolvers were in the next room. He fought with his fists, and Conger fought to prevent his followers from venting their anger, but the Kentuckian was sadly battered with pistol butts before he was borne to the floor.

"Now, you murdering reb," panted one of his captors, "we'll take you back to Vermont and have a first-class hanging."

Young's protests concerning the neutrality of British territory naturally had little weight with these men. Conger, having received his telegram from Dix, was confident of his authority. Even had he dissented, it is doubtful if his followers would have consented to hand over their prisoner to the Canadian officials. Young was loaded into an open wagon, where he started another battle, in the course of which two men were thrown out into the road, but he was, of course, subdued. Still arguing and protesting, he was driven rapidly toward the American line.

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He was confident that something very serious was going to happen to him immediately, and he was, so he admits, badly scared.

"One of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld," he says, "was that uniform coat on a British captain of infantry when we came upon him at the bend of the road."

It may be imagined that Young's appeal to the Englishman was fervent. His guards were voluble too, but the Englishman was not to be shaken in his conception of what was due the Queen's soil. Conger reluctantly took his prisoner to Phillipsburg, whence he was promptly forwarded to St. John's, where was then a small British garrison, the officers of which were by no means unfriendly to the Confederate prisoners. A few days later they were taken to Montreal, where the fourteen captured were arraigned in the police court before Judge Coursol. The other six utterly disappeared.

The contention of the prosecution, aided by eminent counsel supplied by the American Government and including Senator George F. Edmunds, was that the raiders were mere bandits, who were not recognizable under the laws of war, and who, under the Ashburton Treaty, should be extradited for trial in the courts of the United States for murder, robbery, and arson. The arguments waxed hot in the court; also they waxed hot in Downing Street and in Washington. Seward wrote prolifically. So did Lord John Russell, who, although he deprecated its form, consistently maintained his recognition of the raid as an act authorized by the Confederate Government.

On the 13th of December Judge Coursol finally handed down his decision. It was to the effect that he had no jurisdiction in the case, that the prisoners should be discharged, and that their property should be returned to them. This brought forth a great demonstration in the court-room. Coursol's action also brought forth another remarkable order from Major-General Dix, in which military commanders on the frontier were instructed in case of "further acts of depredation and murder, whether by marauders or by persons under commission from the rebel authorities at Richmond, to shoot down the depredators, if possible," and to cross the boundary if necessary.

Five of the raiders were subsequently retaken by the Canadian authorities on new warrants secured by the United States attorneys. They were held for trial before the Supreme Court. Young had driven a sleigh from Montreal nearly to the Nova Scotia line when captured.

In this second trial the validity of Young's commission and the Confederate authority for the acts of his band were most rigorously attacked. The papers did not bear the great seal of the Confederacy, and the securing of those which did taxed the resources of counsel for the prisoners.

The prisoners were discharged on the ground that they were within their rights as belligerents. "As a matter of fact," the Judge wrote in his decision, "raids of this description have been constantly permitted and justified by and on behalf of the United States. On what principle, then, can they be denied to the so-called Confederate States?"

Still persistent, however, the United States secured the arrest of Young and his five companions on warrants charging violation of the Neutrality Act. The five were taken to Toronto, where the case dragged on, with the prisoners at large on bonds of $20,000 each, until the close of the war. Then the action was dropped. Young went to Europe, where he remained until the amnesty proclamation. The others drifted back to the Southland. Downing Street and Washington exchanged bulky communications for a time. Lord Monck, the Governor-General of Canada, recommended that the Dominion reimburse the St. Albans banks, and the Canadian Parliament voted them $50,000 in gold, equal to some $80,000 of the currency they had lost; a force of frontier cavalry was raised and kept in the vicinity of St. Albans for a time; and presently the war was over.

The dream of succoring the stricken Confederacy by terrifying the North, of helping Marse Robert's starving men, of young lives gloriously yielded in mad dashes upon a hated enemy, had faded in the musty atmosphere of law courts. Not a cent of the $208,000 taken from the banks had ever reached Marse Robert. Most of it was spent in the defense and in aiding the escape of the unarrested prisoners. Perhaps a little of it went into the general coffers of the Confederacy. But there was no more Confederacy.

Of the twenty raiders, Young, the leader, became a prominent lawyer and railway operator of Louisville and Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. The others, if alive, are scattered in the South or Southwest.

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AN IROQUOIS THANKSGIVING[1]

BY MABEL POWERS

(YEH SEN NOH WEHS)

Now this is the appointed time. Now we give thanks to our Creator.
Now we sprinkle the sacred tobacco on the fire. Now the smoke rises,
Now we speak to Him, the Dweller of the Heavens, the one Great Spirit.
Now we have spoken in this incense. May He breathe the smoke and listen to our words!
Now we give thanks to the Great Spirit. Now we speak of all He has created for His Red Children.

We thank Him that we are here to praise Him.
We thank Him that He has created men-beings to be brave and strong.
We thank Him that He has created women-beings in whose arms we see little children. May little children continue to creep and run about!
We thank Him that He has made for them the Earth, our mother from whose breast all things spring and grow.
We thank Him that He thought there should be forests for the people and that He filled them with game.
We thank Him for the animals that give us food to eat and skins to wear.
We thank Him for the birds that fly in the air, and for the songs they sing.
We thank Him for the herbs that heal and that make the sick well.
We thank Him for the grasses, the fruits, and the flowers, for Di-o-he-ko, "those we live by"—the three sisters, the corn, the bean, and the squash.
For all these good gifts of life we offer thanks to the Great Spirit in song and dance. May we again see the season of growing things!

Continue to listen. Now again the smoke rises. Now again the incense ascends. It lifts our words to the Great Spirit.
Now the whole people are giving thanks.
We thank Him for all the waters, the springs, the streams, the rivers, and the lakes.
We thank Him for the creatures that live in the waters.
We thank Him for the Thunderers that feed the springs and make the waters to flow, for the rains that bring the harvest.
We thank Him for the sky and for all the lights He has placed in it.
We thank Him for the Sun, our brother, that he looks in on us by day.
We thank Him for the Moon, our grandmother; may she continue to light the night!
We thank Him for the stars that guide men-beings, and for all the bright fires in the Happy Hunting-Grounds.
We thank Him for the winds—for the north wind that brings our winters, for the south wind that brings our summers, for the east wind that brings our sun-risings, for the west wind that brings our sunsets.
We thank Him for the gift of the fire that warms us and cooks our food by day and protects us by night.
We thank Him that all things are doing that for which they were created.
From the low earth upward to the great sky where He is living, with all their strength the people thank Him in song and dance.

Now the smoke rises.
He has seen it.

Now we have spoken.
He has heard it.

It is done. *Na ho.*

[1] The paleface has one festival of Thanksgiving, the Iroquois four. In the spring he gives thanks for the sweet waters of the maple. The Strawberry Feast follows at the time of the "Berry moon." Then comes the Green Corn Dance, which requires three days to name all the gifts of the Great Spirit to the Red Children. In midwinter, the Indian New Year, thanks are again offered for five days for the gifts of the entire year. The true Iroquois also never plucks a flower or bit of fruit without silently giving thanks, and he always leaves something of everything that grows for his little brothers of the wood.

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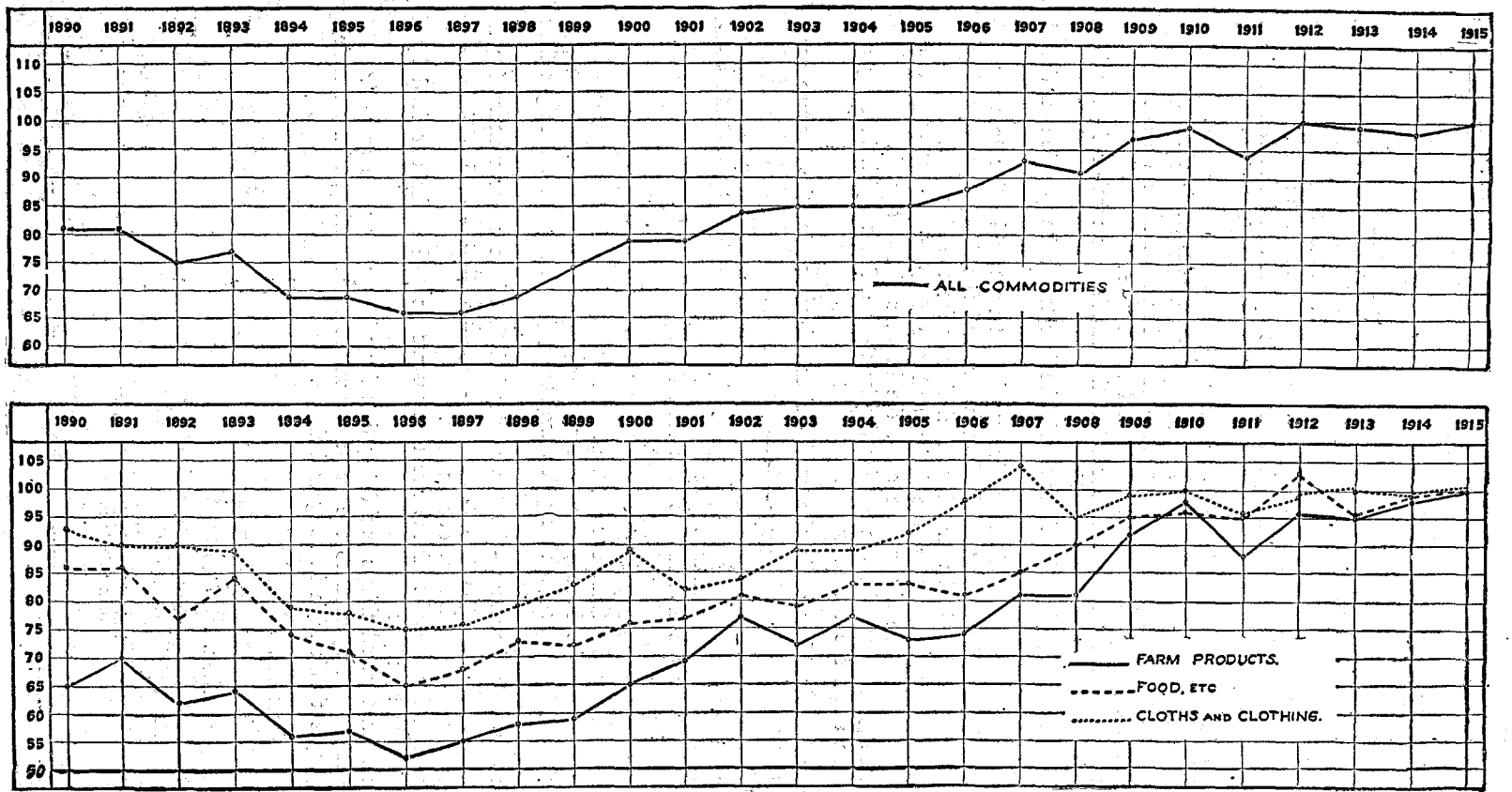

WHOLESALE PRICES IN THE UNITED STATES, 1890 TO 1915

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BIG BUSINESS JUNIOR

FOURTH ARTICLE

THE CHAIN GROCERY STORE

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE two diagrams on the opposite page are reproduced from a bulletin upon wholesale prices prepared by the United States Department of Labor. In graphic form they present the most important economic problem now confronting the people of the United States. It is the increasing cost of living.

The relative value in the year 1915 of the various commodities considered in ascertaining the cost of living as indicated in the diagrams is thus stated in the text of the bulletin from which they are taken :

Food	35.80
Cloths and clothing	15.88
Fuel and lighting	13.21
Metals and metal products	10.19
Lumber and building materials	14.32
Drugs and chemicals	1.85
House-furnishing goods	.27
Miscellaneous, including paper, soap, beer, whisky, and tobacco	8.48
	100.00

This calculation does not include rent, taxes, transportation, or ice, which vary so widely that it is impossible to make a statistical average of them, though they are all important items in the cost of city life.

Rent and transportation are, however, indirectly represented by the allowances made for fuel, lighting, metals, lumber, and building materials, and we shall probably be well within the mark in assuming that out of every dollar spent for necessaries in the United States twenty-five cents goes for food. We have a total population of about 100,000,000 souls.

Estimating the average expenditure at $1 a day for men, women, and children alike, our total necessary cost of living is $36,500,000,000 a year.

Of this one-fourth, or, say, nine billion dollars, is spent for food. This is twenty-five cents a day per capita, which about squares with the experience of the establishments or institutions in which the cost of feeding men, women, or children in large numbers has been accurately ascertained.

Returning again to the figures of the Department of Labor, we find that the relative value of the various staples of consumption that are included under the food group is as follows :

Beans	1.15	
Butter and oleomargarine	7.35	
Canned goods	1.07	
Cheese	1.19	
Coffee	1.81	
Eggs	5.34	
Salt and canned fish	.89	
Flour, all kinds, wheat, rye, and buckwheat	15.66	
Dried and fresh fruit	4.78	
Sugar and glucose	16.89	
Lard	2.74	
Corn meal	2.16	
Bacon	1.98	
Hams, smoked	2.83	
Molasses	.61	
Olive and oleo oil	.61	
Rice	.76	
Salt	.55	
Spices	.12	
Tallow	.33	
Tea	.64	
Vinegar	.26	
Total dry groceries		69.72
Fresh meat and poultry, including salt pork	19.20	
Milk	6.63	
Fresh vegetables	4.45	
Total perishable food products		30.28
		100.00

On this basis the dry grocery trade of the United States distributes about seventy per cent of the food consumed in the country and does a business of some $6,300,000,000 a year.

These figures have been laboriously assembled to show the importance of the grocery business in our social economy.

We usually speak of the "corner grocery" in a contemptuous tone. It is, in reality, the most important establishment with which we have to deal. In it we spend at least one-sixth of our income.

In the aggregate, the business done by the groceryman is the largest in the country,

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and he supplies the most imperative need of life—food.

Considered in this aspect, his vocation rises to a dignity that is not generally accorded it, which is perhaps one of the reasons why the problems of food distribution have not received the scientific attention to which they are entitled.

The chain grocery store is, in fact, almost the first attempt that has been made to apply the methods of scientific commerce to the retail business in dry groceries.

It represents a new application of an old principle, made possible largely by that handmaid of modern administrative efficiency, the telephone, and born of the necessity for economy created by the increased cost of commodities, especially foodstuffs.

Under the old system, the grocery business was unorganized. The stores were, for the most part, small affairs. Each one was a separate commercial integer presided over by its own proprietor, who did his own buying and was generally his own salesman.

In order to meet the somewhat capricious demand of a comparatively small clientele he was compelled to carry a wastefully large stock. If he miscalculated his demand, the unsold remnant was subject to rapid deterioration. Most of his business was done on credit. Collections were costly and slow and bad debts were numerous.

Unless his capital was unusually large he had to buy on credit because he sold on credit, and the jobbers or wholesalers who gave him financial accommodation were able to control and delimit his selection of goods.

The quality and assortment of his stock were often poor, and trade was therefore difficult to retain. The credit he extended made his customers extravagant, and the credit he was forced to ask often proved to be his own undoing.

It has been impossible to get at the exact cost of distributing dry groceries under the old system. As a rough approximation, based upon the experience of the few jobbers and wholesalers who were willing to be communicative, we may assume that goods bought by them from the manufacturer for $1 are sold to the retailer for $1.12½.

Of this 12½ cents 2½ cents is net profit, and the remaining ten cents represents the "overhead" costs of doing business, including rent, heat, light, cold storage, buying and selling expense (including the expense of traveling salesmen), bad debts, clerk hire, advertising, cartage and delivery charges, packing, depreciation, interest, taxes, and insurance.

The expense and profit of the old-fashioned independent retail grocery have been even more difficult to ascertain. A year ago the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University made an exhaustive investigation into the expense of operating retail grocery stores, not including "chain stores, department stores, mail-order stores, or fancy grocery stores."

It is admitted that inadequate bookkeeping made a precise report impossible, but the result of the investigation is set forth in the table on the next page.

While my own inquiries would lead me to conclude that the average retail grocery store is compelled to make a gross profit of more than twenty-one per cent on sales in order to net a gain of four per cent on its stock turned seven times a year, I am content to accept the "common" experience as shown in the table quoted. On that basis an article sold by the jobber to the retailer at $1.12½ would have to be resold at $1.42½ in order to realize a profit of twenty-one per cent on the selling price.

As this article originally cost the jobber $1, we are probably well within the mark in assuming that the average cost of distributing groceries in the United States under the old method is at least forty-two and one-half per cent, and that the consumer pays $1.42½ for what the manufacturer sells for $1. From the figures furnished by the proprietors of several chain-store systems and verified by comparison, I conclude that their gross profit on sales does not average over fifteen per cent. Of this about four per cent is net and eleven per cent represents the overhead cost of doing business. As they generally buy from the manufacturer direct for cash, this means that their price would be $1.17½ for an article which the so-called independent retailer must sell at $1.42½ if he is to make an equal profit.

The fact that $1.17½ will go as far and buy as much in a chain store as $1.42½ will in a retail store of the old type is of course mainly responsible for the rapid growth of the chain system, but the proprietors of the chain stores claim that they reduce the cost and raise the standard of living in other ways.

Because they sell only for cash, it is maintained that they induce economy in buying. This is probably true, for the man or woman

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who pays actual money at the time of purchase is generally a more careful buyer than the person who says, "Charge it," and must ultimately pay bills the verification of which either as to price or quantity is practically impossible.

It is also claimed that the chain stores are able to offer a wider assortment and fresher goods than the ordinary retailer.

Because their business runs into the millions they are able to turn their stock more rapidly and renew it oftener than the small retailer. They claim also that a grocer having several hundred points of contact with the public instead of one can buy more intelligently and less wastefully, and so minimize the loss that accrues from the deterioration of shop-worn goods. All this seems reasonable enough and is sustained by the rapid growth of the chain-store grocery business in the United States.

Fifteen years ago there were comparatively few chain stores. Now there are about twenty different concerns each of which operates over one hundred stores. One of them is supposed to have over one thousand stores, and there are several with from two to three hundred different establishments. In some cases a system will include only one city and its suburbs.

In others a single system will have stores in several different States. There are many smaller concerns operating from ten to fifty stores. Nearly all these are growing rapidly. In most cases the owners of these systems are practical retail grocers who commenced

SUMMARY TABLE OF PERCENTAGES AND OTHER FIGURES FOR RETAIL GROCERY STORES[1]

ITEM [For Percentages, Net Sales = 100 per cent.]	Low.	High.	Common.	Standards attained by a group of more efficient stores.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Gross profit on merchandise	14.6	27.9	21.0	....
Salaries and wages of buying force	0.1	2.4	0.5	....
Other buying expense	0.0	0.5	0.02	....
Total buying expense	0.1	2.4	0.5	....
Salaries and wages of sales force	3.5	10.6	6.5	5.0
Advertising	0.01	1.8	0.1	....
Wrappings and miscellaneous selling expense	0.03	1.4	0.4	0.3
Total selling expense	4.5	10.8	7.0	5.5
Wages of delivery force	0.6	3.5	1.5	1.0
Other delivery expense	0.3	3.4	1.5	1.0
Total delivery expense	1.1	5.9	3.0	2.5
Management and office salaries	0.3	3.8	1.5	....
Office supplies and expense	0.01	0.4	0.4	....
Total management expense	0.4	4.0	1.7	....
Rent	0.3	4.1	1.3	0.8
Heat, light, and power	0.1	0.8	0.2	0.15
Insurance on stock and store equipment	0.03	0.5	0.1	....
Taxes	0.01	0.5	0.1	....
Repairs and renewals of store equipment	0.01	1.4	0.1	....
Depreciation of store equipment	0.03	0.9	0.2	....
Total fixed charges and upkeep expense	0.8	5.6	2.0	1.5
Telephone	0.04	0.6	0.2	....
Ice and cold storage:				
Groceries only	0.01	0.6	0.1	0.1
Groceries and meats and provisions	0.03	0.7	0.3	0.2
Other miscellaneous expense	0.01	1.2	0.1	....
Total miscellaneous expense	0.1	1.4	0.5	0.3
Losses from bad debts	0.01	2.2	0.5	0.2
Total of expense statement	10.4	25.2	16.5	13.0
Net profit from merchandise operations	Loss 3.3	11.0	2.5-5.5	....
Interest	0.2	1.7	0.8	....
Number of stock turns a year:				
Groceries only	3.5	23.8	7.0	12.0
Groceries and meats and provisions	7.0	26.4	9.0	14.0
Average annual sales per sales person	$5,000	$20,000	$10,000	....

[1] This summary includes stores which sell groceries only, and also stores which sell both groceries and meats and provisions.

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as the proprietors of a single store and have had the vision to see the advantage of a multiple business.

As already remarked, the telephone has greatly simplified the problems of administrative supervision and stock replenishment. This instrument makes it practicable for the manager of the district store to keep in constant touch with the main office and warehouse.

He is thus able to supply all demands promply without being overstocked.

Some of the larger chain-store companies are themselves manufacturers. Most of them roast their own coffee. Many of them have canneries and bakeries. In the Middle West there is one concern that deals in fresh, salt, and smoked meat slaughtered and cured in its own packing-house.

The aggregate business done by the various chain-store concerns operating more than ten stores each is not over $300,000,000 a year. This is less than five per cent of the total grocery trade of the country. The economy that the present high price of food will shortly compel seems likely to increase the appeal of the chain store for a public that will have to pay the equivalent of $12 a barrel for flour, $3.65 a sack for potatoes, 60 cents a dozen for eggs, and 50 cents a pound for butter.

Under such conditions, the economic usefulness of the chain store will be increased and its business will doubtless show an accelerated growth. That it is destined to become a very important part of our commercial machinery seems self-evident.

Whether this destiny can be best fulfilled by yielding to the centripetal influence that tends to bring big business into a co-operative correlation and sometimes into combination is a question that naturally suggests itself to the thoughtful mind.

If ten stores can distribute goods more economically than one, and two hundred can serve the public better than ten, it is logical to expect that a thousand under a single management would be still more efficient, and the trend of development seems to be in this direction.

In the preface to the first of these articles upon "Big Business Junior in America" I said:

> Many young Americans, and some older ones, frequently complain that all the big things were done during their fathers' generation; that the country is now developed, that the great opportunities are gone or are pre-empted by the corporations, and that he who is not born within the charmed circle of wealth is doomed to mediocrity and obscurity, no matter how great his ability and industry.
>
> This is not true. Within the past decade many new forms of big business have grown up in the United States. They are Nation wide in their scope, employ armies of men and women, and perform an important public service in that they contribute to the comfort, enjoyment, or economy of life.
>
> They have made thousands of men rich and scores of men millionaires, and have provided distinguished careers for many who are still young and were unknown youths when they grasped the opportunities that always exist for the observant, optimistic, and courageous. Doubtless the next ten years will offer many other novel openings for the young men who are now entering upon the business of life. To encourage them to look for such chances this and the succeeding articles are written.
>
> They will deal briefly with the history and probable future of those departments of big business junior in America, by which is meant the business or industries which, though young, have become sufficiently stabilized and standardized to attract general public investment in their securities, and National enough in their scope to be recognized as outstanding and permanent parts of our economic fabric.

The chain grocery store is rapidly approaching, if indeed it has not already reached, a stage of development that justifies the attention of our ablest business men and financiers, and for this reason I commend it to the attention of all those who seek the opportunity of big achievement.

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THE READER'S VIEW

THE BELGIAN YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN DANGER

Not the least of the misfortunes which the war has caused in Belgium is the almost complete ruin of the Young Men's Christian Association work in that country. The Brussels Young Men's Christian Association, in spite of the fact that the Protestant population of the city is very small, had before the war several hundred members and was beginning to play an important part in the religious life of the city. Its effectiveness was due largely to the enterprise of the two foreign sections, German and Anglo-American, which disappeared entirely at the outbreak of the war; and, as millions of Belgians are wholly or partially objects of charity, the society is now almost absolutely without funds. I visited Mr. Van Duynen, the Brussels secretary, in February, and found him without a fire. "We have had no heat in the building all winter," he said. "We can't afford it." For the past two years he has received only a fraction of his always modest salary, and if help is not forthcoming it is possible that it will be necessary to abandon the work entirely. When a few hundreds may save the life of this useful work and a few thousands would keep it going generously, Americans will certainly not allow it to die. Minister Brand Whitlock has given assurance that funds addressed to him for the Young Men's Christian Association will reach the proper hands safely. A letter sent to the Department of State at Washington for him will be forwarded to him at Brussels, or subscriptions may be sent to the address below. It is hoped that well-wishers of this useful organization will not hesitate because they are not in a position to give largely. The smallest contributions, as well as the largest, will be gratefully acknowledged and faithfully forwarded.

ROY T. HOUSE,
State University of Oklahoma,
Norman, Oklahoma.

AN INDIAN IDEAL OF UNCLE SAM

The cartoon in The Outlook for September 20, 1916, representing Uncle Sam caught in a trap, is keenly offensive to the older Indians, many of whom come to my house continually to read pictures and to learn the news.

To say that the cartoon is painfully sacrilegious to the finer feelings of old Indians is not overstating the matter. They say that it should have represented a boy Congressman impersonating Congress in the trap, while Uncle Sam comes and says that the brotherhood will not catch his boys that way again. As the cartoon is drawn, Indians think, it belittles Uncle Sam and slyly depicts the railways as superior to him.

Indians regard Uncle Sam and all government in nature, among men, animals, plants, and all things (invisible save as manifest in persons, life forms, acts, and processes), as Wakantanka (Life Deity). So, while Uncle Sam is Congress, as well as all persons and parts of our Government, even the most minute parts, yet a person or a group of persons such as Congress, or even the President himself, might get caught in a trap because of lack of spontaneous bravery, or as a punishment for "crookedness" (*owotonna-sni*). But to represent Uncle Sam himself as caught in a trap is the same thing as to represent Life Deity as caught in a trap, as Indians regard matters.

My explanation that the picture was first published in the New York "World," an honest paper which does not make a specialty of religion, is unsatisfactory to the Indians, who think that a spontaneous reverence for Life Deity should preclude anybody from representing Uncle Sam himself as caught in a trap. Sincerely,

A. MCG. BEEDE, PH.D.,
Missionary to Indians.

Cannon Ball, North Dakota.

"HAIR-SPLITTING"

A devoted reader of The Outlook, I have been somewhat interested in following the controversy recorded in recent numbers between the so-called "Catholic" and so-called "Protestant" factions of one of our prominent religious denominations. My only comment thereon is just this: When eminent divines—leaders of religious thought in the Church—any church—can spend their time and energy in such profitless discussions as this one, in recording which The Outlook has wasted so much of its valuable space, it is easy to understand why the Christian Church does not make any stronger appeal than it does to red-blooded men who have no interest in theological hair-splitting.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. W. A. LANING.

SAILORS AND LITERATURE

In the October 25 issue of The Outlook I enjoyed, in particular, reading Mr. Sherwood's article, "Turning a Landsman into a Sea Fighter." However, I do not agree with the author in his two statements, *i.e.*, "The navy does not encourage the study of literature. Reading is not encouraged."

Having spent four years in the regular service on my own account, I had arrived at just the opposite view. On practically every ship in the navy a well-stocked library may be found, with books on every conceivable subject. I know from experience that the bluejacket is encouraged in reading and the study of literature by both his superior officers and his fellow-men. This, I believe, has been even more so since Secretary Daniels instituted the educational system aboard ship.

Dallas, Texas. Z. M. DUCKWORTH, JR.

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BY THE WAY

"Airplane" is recommended by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics as a substitute for the word "aeroplane," which most people, it is to be feared, pronounce "airoplane." The Committee makes at present no further recommendations as to the "aero" group of words, which include "aeronautics," "aerodrome," "aero squadron," etc. Nor does it suggest "airman" and "airwoman" instead of aviator and aviatrice. "Aeronaut," it is said, is in disfavor with the flying men because "people were all too prone to pronounce it 'aeronut.'"

An article with the title "Motoring in Europe Before the War" has a pleasant suggestiveness of serenity, good hotels, and economical runs, but those were not always the experiences of its author, D. F. Platt, as he describes them in "Motor Travel." In Hungary, at least, the cost of gasoline—$1.20 a gallon—might make a motorist here think kindly of Standard Oil. The "Hotel Veresi Szalode'" was recommended as a "good hotel." The party saw a sign "Szalode" and ran the car in, to find a most primitive and uninviting inn. "Later," says Mr. Platt, "the joke was on me, when I discovered 'Szalode' to be the Hungarian word for any hotel!"

A grain elevator at Girard Point, Pennsylvania, will be the largest of its kind on the Atlantic coast. It can load into the hold of a vessel 60,000 bushels of grain in an hour. Three vessels of the largest type used in the grain-carrying trade can be loaded at one time in the slips.

"We are all much amused at the hunt in Belgium for the newspaper 'Libre Belgique' [Free Belgium]," says an English correspondent of the "American Printer." "The latest talk is that it is printed in a motor car. It must be a small sheet; and that motor cars have something to do with its audacious defiance of the [German] authorities I do not doubt." The German leaders are sensitive; witness the report that they put a price on the life of Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist, for picturing their misdeeds in his powerful and caustic cartoons.

Jerome K. Jerome, the well-known writer, is said to be engaged in the humble but honorable pursuit of driving an ambulance for the French Red Cross.

"Is this beef too rare for you?" the landlady asked her critical boarder, as reported in the "Christian Register." "Well, since you ask me, Mrs. Skinner," replied Mr. Simpkins, "I *would* like it a little oftener."

A book called "The Soldier's Catechism," which contains many helpful hints for the civilian as well as the soldier, tells how to remove grease spots from clothing. "Place a piece of brown paper, newspaper, or other absorbent paper," it says, "over and under the stain and press with a hot iron." It recommends this inexpensive way for the soldier to keep his trousers creased: "Moisten the crease lightly with a moist sponge and place the trousers inside of a blanket once folded on top of your mattress. By sleeping on them the heat of your body will give an excellent crease."

Referring to the care of shoes, the "Soldier's Catechism," in answering the question, "What should be done with shoes when they become thoroughly wet?" says: "Fill them with dry oats, bran, or sand, and dry in the shade; never near a fire."

"Five things that are forbidden in time of war," as enumerated in the "Soldier's Catechism," are: (1) To cause suffering for the sake of revenge; (2) to wound, except in a fight; (3) to torture in order to get a confession; (4) to use poison in any way; (5) to lay waste a district needlessly. This list might be commended to the consideration of certain European Powers.

A wrapping machine which can be adjusted to wrap packages of various sizes rapidly, in a uniform manner, has been patented recently. Department stores and mail order houses which put up thousands of packages daily by hand may find the new invention useful.

A recently published account of the life of Elizabeth Fry, "the angel of the prisons," tells of the opposition to her philanthropic work, which seems much like that encountered by prison reformers to-day. "Impossible!" said her opponents. "The women in Newgate Prison could not be reclaimed. Bad they were, and bad they would remain. Newgate was a place for imprisonment and punishment, not for teaching and improvement. Besides, the women would steal or destroy any materials that might be brought in for purposes of instruction," etc., etc.

Mrs. Fry was not dissuaded by any rebuffs, however, and the results of her efforts were later described by a visitor: "I was taken to the entrance of the women's wards. On my approach, no loud or angry voices indicated that I was about to enter a place which had long been known as 'Hell above ground.' The courtyard into which I was admitted, instead of being peopled with beings scarcely human, blaspheming, fighting, tearing each other's hair, presented a scene where stillness and propriety reigned. . . . Mrs. Fry was reading aloud to sixteen women prisoners, who were engaged in needlework. Each wore a clean-looking blue apron and bib. . . . The looks of tender reverence they cast on her testified to the influence she had obtained among them."

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